The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

THE BOOKMAN SPECIAL TWENTY-FOUR GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Bookman monthly Prize Competitions have been so increasingly successful that we have decided to offer twelve special prizes for competition as follows—

(1) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s., and a Third of £1. 1s. for the three best original lyrics in not more than forty lines.*

(2) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best essay in not more than seven hundred words on "My Favourite Author."*

(3) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best drawing (serious or humorous) illustrating the title of any book published this year.*

(4) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best humorous poem in not more than forty lines.*

Competitors should write on one side of the paper only. Any competitor who wishes to do so may send in for two or more of these Competitions.

All replies, marked "Special Competition" on the envelope or wrapper, should be addressed to

The Editor,
The Bookman,
St. Paul's House,
Warwick Square,
London E.C.4,

and must reach the Bookman *office by the first post on September 4th next.*

Results will be announced in The Bookman *for October, when a selection of the poems, essays and drawings will be published, in addition to those to which prizes are awarded.*

The June Bookman, a Charles Kingsley Centenary Number, will contain a special article on Kingsley, by R. Ellis Roberts, fully illustrated with portraits of Kingsley and his friends, and with photographs of places associated with him.

A new volume by Mr. John Drinkwater, "Loyalties," will be published shortly by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson.

"A Forty Years Friendship," which Messrs. Nisbet are publishing, comprises a series of letters

written by Canon Scott Holland to Mrs. Drew between 1880 and 1917. The correspondence ranges with refreshing candour over a wide variety of subjects and is a further selection from that post-bag of Mrs. Drew's which, last year, yielded us her admirable volume, "Some Hawarden Letters." The book is edited, with an introduction, by Canon Ollard.

Miss S. G. Tallentyre, whose new novel, "Love Laughs Last," a delightful comedy of Victorian times, has just been published by Messrs. Blackwood, continues her studies in the life and circumstances of Voltaire in "Voltaire in His Letters," which Mr. John Murray announces for immediate publication.

Mr. Murray is publishing also "Odes and Other Poems," by Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie.

Mr. J. Murray Allison has compiled and Mr. John Lane has published "Raemaekers' Cartoon History of the War" (12s. 6d. net)—a wonderful pictorial record, in over a hundred drawings, of the first year of the war. Further volumes will carry the story on to the end, and the artistic and historical value of the series cannot easily be exaggerated. Before the war, as Mr. Allison tells us, Raemaekers, the son of a country editor, was a peaceful dreamer, a landscape artist, painting the beauty of fields and waterways in his native Holland. But when the Huns burst upon Belgium with fire and sword he was transformed as by a miracle. "In place of the passive painter arises the fiery preacher; the brush is discarded for the pencil, and the pencil in his hands becomes an avenging sword." His own mother was German, and he could not at first believe in the terrible tales of German atrocities; but he managed to get across the frontier into the invaded land, and saw for himself, and the pity and rage that was awakened in him by what he saw burn inextinguishably in these drawings of his. No nation was ever before lashed with such scornful satire, such blistering contempt, nor the agony and tragic martyrdom of its victims more vividly, poignantly revealed. No wonder the German Government offered twelve thousand guilders for his body, dead or alive! The power of his pencil was worth an extra Army Corps to the Allies. The English critic was right who said, "This neutral is the only genius produced by the war"; and as you turn the pages of the first volume of his collected cartoons, you recognise that an American critic was right, too, in saying, "The mantle of Dante has fallen upon Raemaekers; he leads the conscience of the world to-day through an inferno of wrong." A great book, alike for the skill and imaginative force of its draughtsmanship and the stern truth that underlies the pathos, the anger and bitter irony of its pictorial indictment.

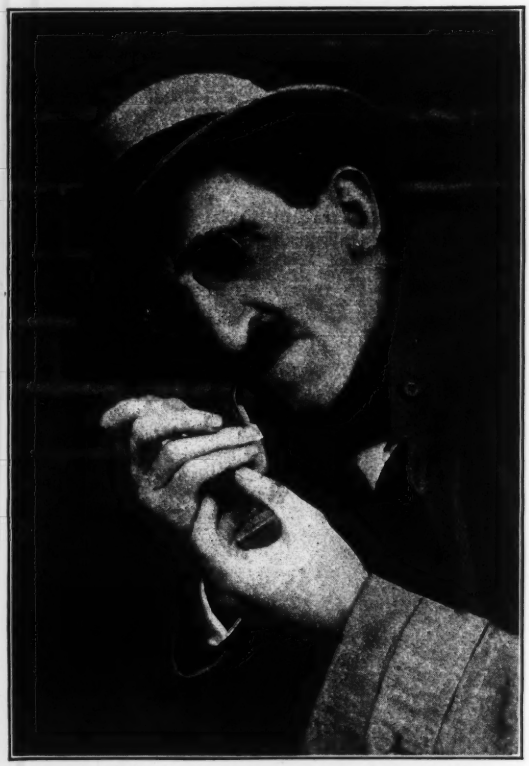


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Frederick Niven,** whose brilliant romance of Western life, "The Lady of the Crossing," was published last month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Messrs. Macmillan are publishing a critical study of "Scottish Literature," by Mr. G. Gregory Smith.

Messrs. Bell & Sons have published Vol. I. of "A History of British Socialism," by M. Beer, with an Introduction by R. A. Tawney (12s. 6d. net). It is a full and ably written history of socialistic opinion, of the men who have been actuated by it in literature, politics and ordinary life, and of its growth and influence from the Middle Ages down to the rise of Chartism. The war interrupted the progress of his work, but Mr. Beer is now engaged on a second volume which will continue the story of Socialism and carry it into the opening decade of the present century.

"Rita" has completed a new novel which she is calling "Diana of the Ephesians." Its opening scenes are laid in and around Bath, and the story, which has a strong dramatic interest, runs to a length of over two hundred thousand words. It will be published during the summer by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

Mrs. C. A. Dawson-Scott,
whose new novel, "The Rolling Stone," Mr. Heinemann is publishing.

"George Colmore" (Mrs. Baillie-Weaver), whose new novel, "The Thunderbolt," has just been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, has been writing now for a good many years, and though she denies that she can be called a popular author, she has a faithful and increasing circle of discriminating readers. She was successful from the outset, with her first book, "Concerning Oliver Knox," also published by Mr. Unwin, in 1888. As a novelist Mrs. Baillie-Weaver has always shown herself greatly interested in the inner attitudes of people and motives of conduct—in the interaction of character and circumstance. At the same time she has always preferred the dramatic to the introspective presentation of character, desiring that the people of her stories should reveal themselves for what they are by what they do and say, rather than that they should be explained by analytical description of their thoughts. She has drawn upon both imagination and experience in her novels, but thinks imagination has helped her most, and has many interesting evidences of the accuracy of its representations. For instance there is a study of madness in "A Conspiracy of Silence," and every detail she had imagined in the outlook and action of the madman was confirmed as true to fact by a mental specialist. Again as regards the character and surroundings of Yan, the outcast woman who worked in the slaughter-houses in "The Angel and the Outcast"; the medical students in "Priests of Progress"; the prison scenes in "Suffragette Sally"; and the night walk through the dunes on the Belgian coast in "The Guest," she has had convincing testimonies to the truthfulness with which her imagination has supplemented a small amount of practical knowledge.

"George Colmore"
(Mrs. Baillie-Weaver).

"Priests of Progress" has had the biggest sale of any of George Colmore's books; it was largely used for propaganda purposes; but the first favourites with her readers are "A Ladder of Tears" and "The Guest." Her new novel, "The Thunderbolt," is founded on fact, though the characters and setting are fictitious, with the exception of one character, modelled on a man who was living at the time when the action of the book takes place. The earlier scenes of the story are laid in a country town, and the author describes with a delightfully shrewd humour and quiet realism, the ways and manners, tea-parties and philanthropic activities of its very respectable society. All the comedy of that country life, the charm and sweetness of the heroine, Dorris Bonham, and the idyllic beginnings of her love romance make more poignantly pathetic and more terrible the tragedy of the close. The climax is connected with questions of which the public are acutely conscious at this moment, and it was suggested to the author by the visit to this country in 1911 of a German who was well known in certain circles here; and if that man was actually guilty, as one assumes he had been, of the practices imputed to him in the story he was an appalling disgrace to the medical profession even of a nation whose callous brutality has now become a byword.

In addition to her novels, George Colmore has published, with Messrs. Gay & Hancock, two volumes of verse: "Poems of Love and Life" and "Points of View." She has written also for the *Quarterly*, and for various other periodicals. At the time of the woman's suffrage agitation she constantly contributed short stories, or sketches, to the

suffrage papers, and some of these were collected and published by the Women's Freedom League under the title of "Mr. Jones and the Governess." She also wrote a short Life of Emily Davison. Her journalistic work has been chiefly in the cause of humanitarianism, and she is now writing the monthly Humanitarian Notes for *The Herald of the Star*. She has ideas in mind for a new novel, but they are not, so far, sufficiently definite or insistent to induce her to start shaping it in words.

The retirement is announced of Mr. John Walsh, manager of the book and periodical department of the well-known firm of Messrs. Spottiswoode, Ballantyne & Co. He was apprenticed to that business, then known as Spottiswoode & Shaw, on January 1st, 1852, and remained continuously in Messrs. Spottiswoode's employment until the end of last March, thus completing over sixty-eight years service, which must be something like a record in the annals of the printing trade.

In a preface to Bernard Capes's posthumous novel, "The Skeleton Key" (Collins), Mr. G. K. Chesterton says, "It may seem a paradox to say that he was insufficiently appreciated because he did popular things well." But it is one of those parodoxes that happen to be true. When he wrote stories of a popular kind Mr. Capes did not write them in the style that is common to such stories. "He always gave a touch of distinction to a detective story or a tale of adventure, and so gave it where it was not valued, because it was not expected."

Mr. J. E. Patterson, who died last month at the age of fifty-seven, had roughed it all about the world as a merchant sailor, on all manner of ships, before he settled down ashore to the literary life. His first book, a fanciful poem of the sea, "The Mermaid," was published in 1897, while he was living at Cardiff. The more notable of his novels were perhaps "Fishers of the Sea," "Watchers of the Shore" and "Tillers of the Soil." He was always at his best when he was writing of his personal experiences, and there is much of personal experience in these and other of his novels, but his strongest, most characteristic work is in the story of his own life, "My Vagabondage" (1911), and two supplementary volumes of recollections, "Sea-Pie" and "Epistles from Deep Seas." During the war he made two cruises in search of health and adventure, and told of the first of these in "A War-Time Voyage," which Messrs. Dent published last year, and of the second in "The Passing of the Barque *Sappho*," which the same firm will publish almost immediately. He left two or three unpublished MSS., one at least of which, a graphic Borrowvian itinerary of a tramp with his dog through Essex and Kent, will probably make its appearance later in the year.

From a drawing by G. L. Stampa. **Mr. C. E. Lawrence,** whose new novel, "Such Stuff as Dreams" (John Murray), is reviewed in this Number.

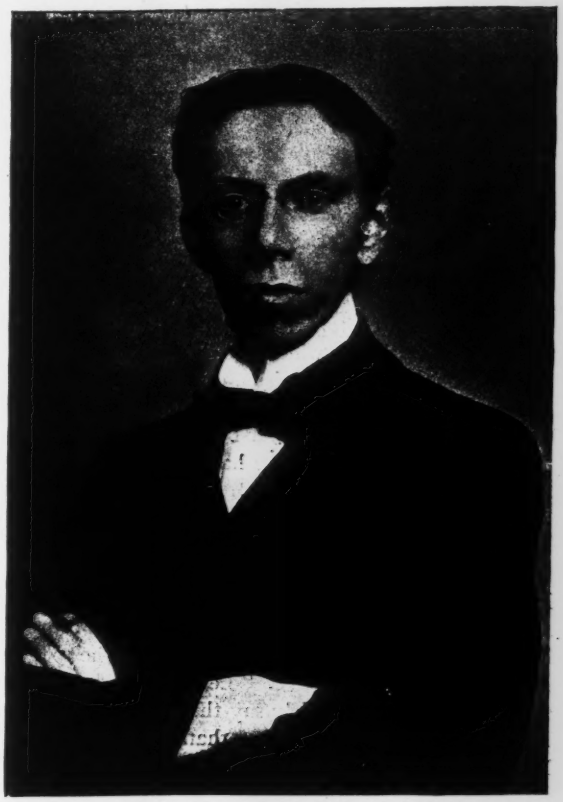
Another novelist, John C. Higginbotham ("Orme Angus"), who was counted twenty years ago among authors of more than ordinary promise, passed away last month, after considerable suffering, at his home at Wareham, in Dorset. Always of frail physique, there were long periods when work became impossible to him. He had a quiet vein of humour and no little charm of style, and the dozen or so novels that stand to his name (or, rather, to his pseudonym) are marked by conscientious workmanship and a finely sympathetic understanding of human character. His first book, "Countess

Petrovski" (1898) met with no particular success, but his second, "Jan Oxber," had a reception so favourable, in 1899, that he was led to abandon his profession of teacher and devote himself entirely to literature. He wrote books that were as good as "Jan Oxber," or better, such as those admirable stories of Dorset life, "Sarah Tuldon" and "Sarah Tuldon's Lovers," "Zike Mouldom" and "The Root," but though he won the suffrage of the discerning he never captured that wider public without which the novelist cannot hope to achieve financial success. At times he would lament, with a wry smile, that he could not "turn out stuff" like this or that popular writer who sells by tens of thousands, but if he had not the knack of pleasing the multitude he had something of rarer quality and did not fail to find his audience fit though few.

A series of picturesque stories of the wild life of the mining camps of Alaska make up Mr. George Goodchild's new book, "The Great Alone" (1s. 9d. net. Simpkin, Marshall). They are breezy, vigorous tales of passion and adventure that skilfully reproduce the colour and atmosphere of the snowy wastes and mountain solitudes that are their background and environment.

Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer,

whose admirable story, "The Three Black Pennys" (Heinemann), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN His new novel, "Java Head," will be published by Mr. Heinemann this month.



Mr. John Freeman,

whose new book, "Memories of Childhood and other Poems," Messrs. Selwyn & Blount have published.

"A Servant of Reality," a new novel by Phyllis Bottome, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing, is a powerful study in two contrasted temperaments, the story of a surgeon, scientist and materialist, a "servant of reality," who fell in love for the first time in his life and with a brilliant, soulless, frivolous woman, but through disillusion and self-denial came at last to his higher and real self.

There is plenty of life and promise in *Voices*, a new monthly magazine, which began with the year and is specially devoted to younger writers. It is very capably edited by Mr. Thomas Moult. Many of the stories, essays and poems in the Numbers we have seen have distinction of thought and style that augur well for the future of their writers. There is no lack of the freshness and vitality one would expect to find in the work of young men who, as the editor has it, "prefer to grope after big things rather than achieve in small ones." One of the contributors, Mr. Louis Golding, has a volume of verse, "Sorrow of War," appearing with Messrs. Methuen, and Messrs. Constable are shortly publishing "Snow Over Elder," a novel by Mr. Moult. We congratulate the editor and the group of young authors he is gathering about him, and shall watch the career of *Voices* with considerable interest.

THE READER.

WALT WHITMAN—1819-1892.

By Ernest Rhys.

BORN the 31st of May, 1819, Walt Whitman still sounds much too modern in our ears to be critically ranged as a centenarian. A mighty anticipator, he projected a world in which his hopes of "the interlinking of lands," and his vision of cities "inseparable—their arms around each others' necks," should be realised; and we, to-day, with our war-beaten senses may think that it is only late experience has made his "Leaves of Grass" and "Drum Taps" truly contemporary with the world he looked for. As for his would-be break with literary tradition, the cult of actuality among the new poets, and the vogue of *vers libre*, which travelled in an eccentric orbit from Camden, New Jersey, to Paris and so round to London, have both helped to bring him into the line of collateral intelligence. The personal rancour of the debate over "Leaves of Grass" being allayed too, one may fairly say that their writer seems, being dead, more lustily alive than ever. He has not had time, like some poets, to become a myth. A still quickening pulse beats in his writings, and the mystic charge he gave—"this is no book; who touches this, touches a man"—serves to point to an occult and present survival in his pages of what a Sufist might teach us to call "the liberated essence" of himself.

However that may be, whether one takes him as an ex-contemporary or not, it is good to realise him as his fellow-poets did—by the imagination and the powers that were his; not in the aggressive elements roused by neglect and dislike and a hostile public. The America that he knew in the sixties and seventies last century, he wished to put into terms, spiritual and eternal; yet seeing how the concrete thing, the exact phenomenon counts, to the poet, he sometimes fell in trying to maintain the "real reality," upon the crass nominalist style of the clerk of arraigns and the city remembrancer. But take him at his best, either in his free rhythms, or in plain prose, and how surely he goes to his mark. It is inevitable, with the late war and its bitter, hard experiences sharp in our minds, we should turn first to his account of the Civil War in which he served the wounded:

> "Curious, I halt, and silent stand:
> Then with light fingers I from the face of the nearest, the first, just lift the blanket;
> Who are you, elderly man so gaunt and grim, with well-grey'd hair, and flesh all sunken about the eyes?
> Who are you, my dear comrade? . . .
>
> * * * * *
>
> "Then to the third—a face nor child, nor old, very calm as of beautiful yellow-white ivory;
> Young man, I think I know you—I think this face of yours is the face of the Christ Himself;
> Dead and divine, and brother of all, and here again he lies."

Or take his Washington vignette of the soldiers coming back in the rain (from "Memoranda during the War"), which pictures the dirt-covered, queer-looking, drenched men thronging the streets after the first battle of Bull Run; and then, for relief, the portrait of

> ". . . the two aged ladies, beautiful, the first in the city for culture and charm. At an improvised table of rough plank, they give the soldiers food—and all that day, there in the rain, they stand, active, silent, white-haired—though the tears stream down their cheeks, almost without intermission, the whole time."

These passages I have copied from two volumes which bring him back, pictured to the life, as he was and as he looked, when retired to his small two-story frame-house in Mickle Street, Camden. On my going there to bid him good-bye, he picked up the books, bound in white half-calf and mottled green

Photo by J. Johnston.

The Birthplace of Walt Whitman, on Long Island.

From "Visits to Walt Whitman in 1890-91," by J. Johnston, M.D., and J. W. Wallace (Allen & Unwin, 1917. Second edition 1918).

backs, from the litter of papers at his feet, and wrote his bold autograph in them with a swan-quill and thick stump of a penholder. Save for a fanciful display of linen—broad collar, fine cuffs—he made very much the effect of some great old peasant, brooding indoors, by his close canister of a stove, after a life spent in the open. His paralytic ailment had left him a fast prisoner; and he was content to sit brooding, reading a little, and gathering up what news he could of the outer world. His visual memory was, to judge by his occasional recall of scenes and people he had known when a young or a middle-aged man, unusually keen and active. It served him, in reading his newspaper, to call up all the actual colours of the event it chronicled. In fact a newspaper was a document of peculiar value to him. He had, to begin with, a printer's pleasure in it, for he had been printer, newspaper man and editor himself, and was interested even in details of type and the make-up of the sheets. It was for him, finally, the register of the rolling earth and it made him again into a world-wanderer and an active citizen, east and west, even while he sat close at home:

Walt Whitman.
From a painting by J. W. Alexander, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

"*Salut au monde!*
What cities the light or warmth penetrates, I penetrate those cities myself;
All islands in which birds wing their way, I wing my way myself.

"Toward all,
I raise high the perpendicular hand—I make the signal,
To remain after me in sight forever,
For all the haunts and homes of men."

In talking to him, one was not unprepared to look for this adventurousness in him—the crippled Columbus of another universe, seemingly so near the end of his resources. He taught one to look between the lines of the commonest newspaper paragraphs for significant things; just as he bade one watch with companionable humour the people on the ferry-boats over the Delaware, or walking in Manhattan streets. To him they were the children of the new day that he saw rising. Every experience that he shared with them formed part of a life steeped in wonder. On the most trivial things—"smallest sights and hearings" on the walk down street, or the passage over the river—"the glories," as he said, were "strung like beads." And he did not feel any oppression of the heart in the thought that these crowds of sensory beings should go on entering the gates of the ferry, and watching the run of the flood tide, and gazing on the ships in the Hudson, and the heights of Brooklyn—after he was gone his way. For he would still be with them and of a piece with them—men and women of a generation, or ever so many generations, hence. In his idea, time nor place, distance nor death, could avail to break that subtle current, just as in "Leaves of Grass" lay the symbol of that kindred life and ever renewed spirit which brought men into one great commonalty. The American democracy was for him politically another sign of the same faith; and Abraham Lincoln was its sure and predestined head.

How much Lincoln meant to him you may learn, not only by his noble death-song or Burial Hymn—more familiar now in men's ears than any other poem he wrote—but by many glimpses of the President in Washington during the Civil War, or by the account of how the fatal news reached him in Brooklyn that day of April, 1865.

He has related how the newspapers came in edition after edition, eagerly bought up, fatally adding to the account. Lincoln's loss was to him a deep personal grief; and yet in the end he felt that it put as it were a sacred seal on the bitter losses of the war. Years afterwards he kept the anniversary as a sacred day, and each April, for many in succession, lectured on Lincoln's death.

In 1873 he went to Boston on that same errand, and met Longfellow and other poets whom he had not always, in his rebellion against literary fashion and the poetic amenities, held in much regard. There too he saw the pictures of Jean François Millet, which affected him as a new revelation in art; and renewed his acquaintance with Frank Sanborn—afterwards known as "the last of the Concord giants," and with Emerson. His attachment to Emerson was the more curious since he disclaimed any poetic or intellectual kinship with him.

"I think I know R. W. E." he wrote at a later day, "better than anybody else knows him—and love him in proportion."

The question of Whitman's poetic origins and literary affinities crops up again as one thinks of Emerson. He owed more to the Concord men than he realised, it may be, for they affected by their Transcendentalism many more than those who could be called out-and-out disciples, or accepted followers. But there can be no doubt at all that their master, Carlyle, held powerful sway over Whitman, who confessed as much more than once; and it is to be traced in many salient passages and intercalary references in his books. One significant instance of his close reading may be found in a remarkable letter of Rahel von Ense—quoted in one of the Carlyle essays and worth requoting here for its anticipation of Whitman's personal philosophy:

"I here, Rahel the Jewess, feel that I am as unique as the greatest appearance in this earth. The greatest artist, philosopher, or poet, is not above me. We are of the same element, in the same rank, and stand together. Whichever would exclude the other, excludes only himself."

The opening of Whitman's personal testament, "I celebrate myself," and his "Does anyone exclude me, I exclude nobody," are in Rahel's own idiom.

So far as Whitman's own poetic dialect and the use of *vers libre* go, one must allow that it is often just as much bound by precedent and literary usage as are some of the expedients in verse that he felt to be out of date and inadequate. His use of the declamatory mode, instead of the concrete, figurative and lyrical, at times appears as artificial as anything in Byron's rhetoric, which he marked for special contempt.

But after all, the test is that he found for himself, going for it to many old poets and sacred books, east and west, an expressive individual style that enabled him to evolve his own poetry and clothe his own vision as no other could have done. In it he attained his power of dealing with that super-sensation of life, which most poets neglect, and with that elusive emotional current which plays between the regions of music and poetry. By means of it he satisfied his desire to transcend man's predicament and triumph over space, time, human habit and gross circumstance.

In the "Song of the Open Road" he has written the charter of his world-rovers, the "great companions" as he names them. They are bravely accoutred, free of all impediment, prepared for miracles, and naïve in that expectation as a child:

"Now if a thousand perfect men were to appear, it would not amaze me:
Now if a thousand beautiful forms of women appear'd, it would not astonish me.

"Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons,
It is to grow in the open air, and to eat and sleep with the earth." . . .

In his "Marches now the War is Over" he takes up the tune with a new cadence in it, very germane to our retrospect of a war half a century later:

"I have loved the earth, sun, animals—I have despised riches. . . .
I have sped to the camps, and comrades found and accepted, from every State."

Comrades and collaborators, brothers and lovers, he wished to see the men and nations leagued, going hand in hand; and war as he had known it only edged the argument for a world reconciled and accorded. A "superb friendship," he said, he looked to America and "these States" to found in the world; for he had found it waiting, "always waiting, latent in all men." So his City of Friends was the City Invincible:

"I dream'd in a dream, I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth;
I dream'd that was the new City of Friends."

WHITMAN'S PERSONALITY.

BY J. W. WALLACE.

THE Editor has invited me to contribute to this Number a short account of my "personal impressions of Whitman." In "Visits to Walt Whitman," by Dr. Johnston and myself, I have already described my "General Impressions of Whitman's Personality" in a separate chapter, besides giving elsewhere my varying impressions after certain interviews. The book was intended for the special use of students of Whitman, who will know how to appreciate the significance of even the most trivial and homely details in any intimate contemporary description of him "in his habit as he lived." But to the average reader the true significance of these can only become apparent after he has learned to realise something of Whitman's exceptional position in literature and in the history of humanity. Instead, therefore, of repeating here what I have published elsewhere, I propose to indicate very briefly the general view of Whitman's personality—now widely held and likely to be permanently established—which must serve as a key to his interpretation, and will then summarise my own impressions during daily visits to him for nearly three weeks, about six months before his death.

Walt Whitman was one of those rare souls who only appear in our history after long intervals, and who mark the beginning of new eras. And he was the inspired prophet and pioneer of world-wide Democracy. The conception of Democracy which regards it as only relating to forms of government, and of social and industrial organisation, stops short at the most obvious of its surface manifestations. It has its origin in the inmost depths of the soul and is related to the whole of life. The ideas which lie at its root are not new—they are to be found in all the great religious scriptures of the world—but they have never before had such wide practical application. They have been coming more and more into expression in Western thought and literature, and in many different societies and organisations. But they receive their fullest exemplification in Walt

Whitman. In him the creative Word of Democracy has been "made flesh" as in no other.

At the root of Democracy is the fact of our oneness with all our fellows. At an early stage of our development our consciousness of this is latent, though very dimly felt in relation to those we love; but, as evolution proceeds, it comes into clearer light and extends its boundaries. At last we have in Walt Whitman (and in Edward Carpenter, who shares his seership) its sudden emergence into a vivid and all-transforming realisation of its truth and universality—the soul bursting its bonds of self and pouring itself out, in joyous freedom and perfect equality, into the great ocean of our common humanity.

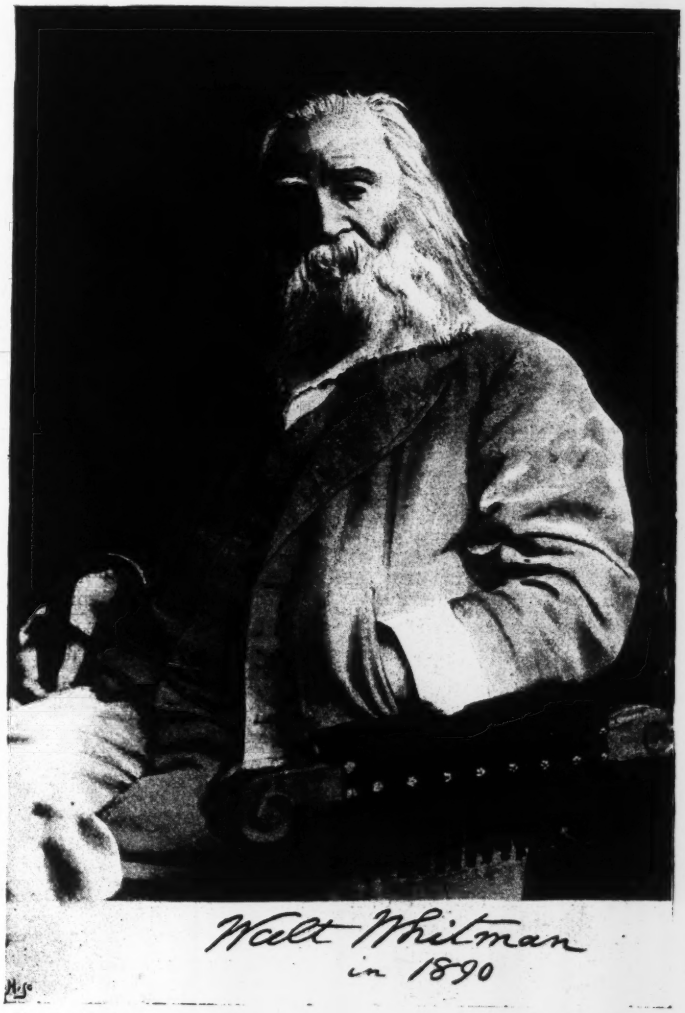


Photo by Mr. Gutekunst

Walt Whitman.

From "Visits to Walt Whitman in 1890–91," by J. Johnston, M.D., and J. W. Wallace (Allen & Unwin, 1917. Second edition 1918).

And this is not all. For the soul realises its oneness not only with its fellows but with all the Universe, and with its central informing Spirit. It is aware of its separate identity, yet knows that it includes the Whole. Hence the two first lines of "Leaves of Grass":

"ONE'S-SELF I sing, a simple separate person,
Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse."

Hence also the two diverse yet complementary elements of Whitman's personality and work, and of the ideal democrat he announces—"the divine pride of man in himself," and an outgoing sympathy and love towards all others, resulting from the consciousness of oneness with them.

The thoughtful reader will note the parallelism of these characteristics with the ancient summary of the law and the prophets—"Love the Lord *thy* God" (the God revealed within one's own soul) "and thy neighbour *as thyself*." But Whitman proclaims no law, and formulates no creed or philosophy. He knew the soul, and that it accepts no lesson but its own—the lesson conditioned by its stage of development and its inherited capacity. He knew "the amplitude of time," and of its provisions for the gradual unfolding of the divine soul in each to complete manifestation—as of a flower unfolding from its own roots. To each therefore he allowed perfect autonomy and freedom. He lived in silent and uncompromising obedience to the divine promptings within his own soul and to the heavenly vision. But he spent his life in loving service to others, as the equal comrade of all, administering to each according to his needs. And in "Leaves of Grass" he addresses himself as a comrade to all his fellows, now and for centuries to come, putting himself into its pages, body and soul, with a completeness never before attempted, so that, by the communication of his own experiences and spirit, he may reveal to each reader the hidden latencies within himself. He claims no special merits nor privileges. Have you faults, sins, short-comings? So has he. He will even exaggerate these in his passion of comradeship. But he will reveal to you new regions of your being in which you are one with the Highest, and from which you may draw inspiration and power.

"Did you take it I would astonish? Does the daylight astonish?" asks Whitman in "Leaves of Grass." I often think of these words as I recall my impressions on first entering his room. The perfect simplicity, naturalness and equality of his bearing and manner, and his plain surroundings, reminded me far more of the common humanity to be met with everywhere than of anything else. Yet how obvious a difference! For it was our humanity perfected and set free at last from all that now obscures and disfigures it. Along with this ease and perfect equality of manner he had a homely and unconventional courtesy and considerateness more exquisite and complete than any I have ever met with elsewhere. Behind all these one felt a great loving nature, of wonderful tenderness and compassion. Later interviews revealed increasingly his constant serenity and patience under suffering. Dominating all, there was something in him that cannot be defined in words, as of one fully sharing our common lot as our human brother, yet dwelling in the highest altitudes of the spirit and clothed with its majesty—"such a man as it takes ages to make, and ages to understand."

JOHN DRINKWATER.

By EUGENE MASON.

MR. JOHN DRINKWATER has attained a very enviable position in general esteem both as poet and dramatist. His poetry is of concern to that somewhat inconsiderable section of the public interested in things of the mind, whilst his play, "Abraham Lincoln," constructed without the slightest deference to the necessities of the commercial drama, actually ran in a London suburb for several consecutive weeks. Mr. Drinkwater, doubtless, is poet and playwright born, but this measure of success is a testimonial not only to his natural gifts, but also to the sedulous and laborious care which he has devoted to the perfecting of his art. In addition to some exquisite volumes of verse, and to very distinguished work for the stage, Mr. Drinkwater has published much critical prose. This prose is occupied mainly with studies in the two arts in which the writer excels. It includes monographs on Morris and Swinburne; an essay on the "Lyric"; and papers on such matters as "The Nature of Drama" and "St. John Hankin." These writings contain much pregnant and scholarly criticism, they are finely and even richly phrased, but on the whole, admirable as they are, their author's original work is to be preferred before them. Their essential value is in the light they cast upon the movements of Mr. Drinkwater's mind. Of course the personal preferences and judgments of any artist necessarily must be implicit in his work. You cannot jump off your shadow, nor deny the labour of your own hands. But criticism is a delicate business, and sensitive fingers are needed to disentangle the mingled yarn. When, however, a poet or dramatist publishes essays on the masters of his craft, those furtive preferences and judgments become explicit and quite definitely plain. The prose writings of Mr. Drinkwater furnish a commentary on the great limpid stream of English literature, to which his poetry is a not unimportant tributary. Like that poetry they are classical in substance and in form, yet are practically without distinctively classical references, and are strangely uninfluenced by foreign, or by any than native writers. He traces that sacred flood from its source in Chaucer, through the quiet reaches of Gray, beneath the magic skies of Coleridge, to the swan song that Rupert Brooke uttered upon its breast. The literature of England suffices for his spirit, even as her landscape is sufficient for his heart. Mr. Drinkwater is a very alert and suggestive critic, more especially on abstract subjects, but he is very human and far from being faultily faultless. At times his divining rod seems to fail him. It turns in his hand where little water is to be found. He is liable to stress the qualities of certain modern writers with whom friendship brought him into contact, and to overestimate the value of their work. It is a good fault, for not all of us err in indulgence of our friends. To redress the balance he is disposed occasionally to be a little grudging in praise of some dead poet with whom he is not in perfect sympathy. But relieved from personalities, and concerned with those abstract principles—such as "Poetry and Conduct" or "The Nature of Drama"—in which he is immediately interested, Mr. Drinkwater's essays are of enduring concern. Indeed it scarcely can be imputed to them as a fault that their ultimate merit is the light they throw upon Mr. Drinkwater's mind as exhibited in his poetry and his plays.

Mr. Drinkwater entertains a high ideal of the office of the poet. To him it is the greatest of all distinctions, and its own exceeding great reward. This is fortunate, for the profession seldom has any other. A love of poetry is not generally necessary to salvation, or few indeed would be saved. In an essay to which reference already has been made, Mr. Drinkwater dwells upon the function of poetry in what may be considered as the spiritual sphere. His suggestion is not that poetry should occupy the pulpit and preach morals, but rather that it should add dignity and intensity to our interests, and form a sensitive social conscience for the individual life. "Contact with fine poetry is precisely contact with most vital and personal experience, conveyed to us in the most persuasive medium invented by man for habitual intercourse—pregnant and living words." The pronouncement of a brother poet on the same subject was somewhat different. "If we have preaching to do, in Heaven's name let us call it a sermon and write it in prose. It is not the poet's business to save man's soul, but to make it worth saving." Flecker's thought was that the Beauty he so piously worshipped should make valuable a thing not in itself of any worth. Holding such views as these, it is natural and characteristic that Mr. Drinkwater should select from the innumerable definitions of poetry swarming in the language that of Coleridge, "Poetry—the best words in the best order"; and should shortly after add his gloss, "The poet's perfect expression is the token of a perfect experience." The whole of Mr. Drinkwater's verse bears convincing witness to his impassioned pursuit of the perfect word in the flawless form, and not every poet has so little to regret in the choice of the experiences he has chosen for the public delectation. Take, by way of an example, the volume of "Poems, 1908–1914." This book contains a selection from four slender white-bound volumes published between those dates, and includes all the shorter poems which their author is anxious to preserve. It does not comprise "Cromwell," a sequence of episodes in contrasted metres, together with blank verse, the most magnificent vehicle of expression in our language. It may be said at once that a very rigorous and searching criticism has been applied by Mr. Drinkwater to his own work, and that it is unlikely any outside judgment would have proven as drastic. "Poems" essays verse in many forms—the lyric, the ballad, the prologue for masque or play. It is not suggested that the lyrics are all compact of fire and music, in the sense that such a phrase could be applied to Shelley, for Mr. Drinkwater is nothing if not deliberate, and every method carries with it its corresponding disadvantage. But here at least is a body of poetry based upon ideas transfigured through the imagination,

and expressed with a measure and a felicity stimulating in the highest degree to the fitting reader. To read such poetry aloud is a delight: to be privileged to hear it read by the man who necessarily understands it best is a revelation. I should not like this appreciation of "Poems, 1908–1914" to be limited to that book. It applies also to Mr. Drinkwater's subsequent work. "The Carver in Stone" in fundamental brainwork rivals Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, and I know no higher praise. Also, there is included in "Olton Pools" so delightful a piece of sheer singing, commencing:

"Lord Rameses of Egypt sighed
Because a summer evening passed;
And little Ariadne cried
That summer fancy fell at last
To dust; and young Verona died
When beauty's hour was overcast"

that I trust some readers of this paper will turn to the poem to complete the quotation.

Photo by Sherril Schell.

Mr. John Drinkwater.

Mr. Drinkwater may write on Rameses or Lincoln if he will. The chief impression left on the mind of any observer is the peculiarly English quality of his work. He is more English than almost any other poet of his generation. Theme, landscape, his very tradition and moderation, alike betray his lineage. He goes his road untempted from the secure highway of our national literature either by foreign sirens, by rash experimentalism, or by Celtic will-o'-the-wisps. The Pre-Raphaelite poets, who were the influences of his impressionable youth, were steeped in French and Italian poetry. Flecker—his most artistic contemporary—lay under the spell of the East, and was saturated with the heady perfumes of the bazaar. Mr. Drinkwater's most ambitious effort has Cromwell for its subject. When he relates the origin of roses, in a delightful legend adapted from a mediæval traveller—which I grudge and complain to find excluded from "Poems"—it is without a suggestion of exotic atmosphere, although the scene is laid in Bethlehem. Those roses might well have blown in a Warwick garden in June. "Travel Talk" is the record of an excursion to the Lake District, and of a pious pilgrimage to places hallowed by association with Wordsworth's memory. Wordsworth, indeed, is a poet held by him in peculiar veneration, and the essentially English character of his master need not be stressed. When he wishes to introduce a vivid piece of colour he turns to no tropical flora, but is content to rely on some familiar and homely scene:

"Through a little farm parlour-door
A floor
Of red tiles and blue,
And the air
Sweet with the hot June sun cascading through
The vine-leaves under the glass, and a scarlet fume
Of geranium-flower, and soft and yellow bloom
Of musk, and stains of scarlet and yellow glass."

After all, it is no matter for regret that a living poet has learned to sing to such purpose in an English school, and under masters who are excelled in their craft by none in any modern literature.

Allusion already has been made to Mr. Drinkwater's essay on "The Nature of Drama." He is also interested professionally in the theatre, both as producer of plays to the Birmingham Repertory Theatre and as a writer for the stage. There is no doubt that the serious and poetical drama of recent years has suffered a very dire eclipse. An inflamed passion for sensation; a craving for the lust of the eye as exploited by revues, these are "not for minds that are quiet, vigorous, and eagerly in touch with the simple and normal life that is so marvellously beautiful." The commercial theatre demands large houses and huge audiences, and the appeal to the greater number seldom results in the production of a work of art, which frequently makes its immediate claim on the few. A Stage Society or so in this monstrous London, and a few Repertory Theatres scattered over the length and breadth of the land, endeavour to play Mrs. Partington with her broom, but without conspicuous success. Till better days one has need of courage and tolerant patience, and resolve to make the best of a bad job until this tyranny be overpast. Mr. Drinkwater's plays "were not only written for the stage, they were written under the actual discipline of stage production, and their craftsmanship was learnt in a theatre." Three of these playlets have been published under the modest title of "Pawns." Composed in excellent English, these little dramas are admirably fitted in situation and picturesque incident to the traffic of the stage. In a sense they may be considered war plays, for it would appear that they were deliberately designed to express certain emotions of the dramatist directly arising from the war. "The Storm" is a parable of a yet wilder tempest, and of the tense apprehension known by many a wife awaiting her husband's return from the cataclysm. The dagger struck to the heart of the "God of Quiet" is symbolic of the stroke dealt to the yet more noble figure of the Prince of Peace; whilst the loss to art arising from the death of a great potential poet in the struggle, is the idea underlying the playlet oddly named "X = O."

Mr. Drinkwater's most recent production is "Abraham Lincoln," a prose drama, occupying the stage of the

Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, at the moment of writing. This is the dramatist's most popular success, and it is thoroughly well deserved. The play is excellent to read, but gains by presentation upon the boards, which of course is precisely as it should be. In common with the playwright's other work "Abraham Lincoln" is a criticism of the life of to-day, although purporting to be a story of the past. "The energy of morality, ardently desiring justice, sublimely lived by men who have made goodness great," always has been found to a peculiar degree by Mr. Drinkwater in his rugged hero. "Abraham Lincoln" is not so much a drama as a chronicle play. Indeed it is not possible to understand it thoroughly without some knowledge of Lincoln's life. His murder, for instance, is neither prepared nor explained, and is unintelligible except as a piece of history. But whilst there is little action, there is a steady progression of ideas throughout the play and this, no doubt, is the author's aim. If a criticism may be hazarded by a student of books it is this. A play should appeal to two senses, the eye and the ear. The latter sense is satisfied to the full by "Abraham Lincoln." I would suggest that not enough variety is afforded to the eye by the series of committees and councils which recur in too many of its acts. But here I end my fault finding.

In an expansive moment Dr. Johnson once defined claret as the drink for boys, port for men, but brandy for heroes. The subject of this paper is critic, dramatist and poet, and I hope no reader will doubt which I consider the claret, port and brandy respectively of his literary cellar.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1919.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best parable in not more than two hundred words dealing with objections to the League of Nations.

(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best brief motto in prose or verse (original or selected) for people who are concerned with the housing problem.)

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—The Prize for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to S. L. Siviter, of 4, Monmouth Road, Warley Woods, Birmingham, and Molly Fogerty, of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, for the following:

GRANDAM: WAYFARER.

I mind, when I wur little, how the daisies uster smile
As I'd stop to hold the buttercups to glow aneath my chin;
An' the lane from Mother's doorstep to the road beyont the stile,
Was th' edge of all the known world, where the Unknown would begin.
I've travelled far sin' then; an' now, the lane looks but a stride;
But I'd gladly foot it, were it leagues, if 't led to Mother's side!

I mind the road, *one* mornin', wi' the sun a-risin' red,
An' a-shinin' like a glory to the Church's very door!
Why! It 'peared a path fer angels, on that day as I wur wed,
An' the joy-years stretched—a golden causeway—to Life's further shore!
Full many a time I've trudged that self-same road, in woe and pain,
But I'd cross it—set wi' fiery spears—to meet my man again!

I reckon—though we're all on differen' stretches o' the way,
Wi' some a-farin' East or South; some—as the' say—"gone West!"
Our Road's the same. In places smooth or rough; sunlit or grey;
An' we've to take th' app'inted steps, an' do our level best.
Well! I do' know as it matters *how* the Road is, if it ends
As we've climbed a bit, and helped a bit, and found again our Friends!

S. L. SIVITER.

COLUMBINE TO THE DEAD HARLEQUIN.

When once I knew you—insolent and gay—
And caught your eye, I laughed, and blushed, and fled,
With fluttering dress and half-averted head,
Afraid, indignant, yet not all displeased.
I thrilled and mocked at your pursuing tread,
And how you followed then, and how you teased!
A pretty pastime for a summer's day.

—But now that you are dead, it seems so strange,
And comedy is tragedy; you lie

With holy hands folded across your breast,
And pallid brow, and eyelids chaste and cold
Hiding your eyes that were so bright and bold.
I almost love you for this awesome change,
Remembering you were beautiful; and sigh,
And say, this solemn mood becomes you best.
Three tapers shine, with calm unwavering light,
Full on your peaceful face. I did not know
That you could look so grave. I'll leave you so.
I draw the curtains. Harlequin, good-night!

The little Loves have hid their faces and fled.
And Folly mopes apart; and at your head
Austerity sits very still and white.

MOLLY FOGERTY.

We also select for printing:

DEPARTED DAYS.

Have you forgotten that November night?
I, tired and wet with rain, came up the stair,
And saw there, by the fire's faint flickering light,
How you, adorable, slept in my chair—
My old and shabby, much beloved arm-chair.

And then I clipped a curl, and kissed the place.
You drowsily stretched out a sleepy arm,
Twining your fingers in my hair—your face
Full of a blest content, which knew no harm—
For I was there—how could you come to harm?

And so we stayed, I seated at your feet,
Fearful of every sound and all alarms.
A coal fell, and with sudden startled beat
Fluttered your heart—I caught you in my arms.
And then you sighed, and settled in my arms.

* * * * *

Those were dear London days, and years ago.
Yet this November night the weather's swirl
Brings it all back, and in the firelight's glow
Sadly I hold a single crisp brown curl—
Your most adorable and dear brown curl.

(Miss M. Smyth, Pirbright, West Cliff, Bournemouth.)

I WISH THAT I HAD KNOWN YOU THEN.

To ——

I wish that I had known you then—
At that shy, awkward, wistful age
When one is old and very sage
With all the cares of youth, and when
There seem to be so very few
To grasp one's childish point of view.
I wish that I had known you then.

I wish so much I had been there
When night came and 'twas time to start—
Fear clutching at your little heart—
The climb to bed, up each dark stair
So full of terrors all unguessed
By nurse who *thought* that she knew best
(Oh, how I wish I had been there!)

And so she left you all alone,
First knocking at the parlour door
For you, then going on before.
She did not know that terror zone—
The landing, cold and black and bare,
And all the Things in waiting there
For one so small and so alone.

She did not—could not—understand
Why you fled past your journey's stage—
More full of fears than Death or Age
For older folk—and in the land
Of slumber sought and found redress
For childish wrongs, the tenderness
You craved. But I, I understand.

Oh, solitary little soul,
So loving yet so loveless, too,
How my heart aches to comfort you
And soothe your hurts and make them whole!
And hold you close and let you see
The lonely child that dwells in me,
You little, hungry eager soul! . . .

You fled, and in your place has grown
A valiant soul in woman's guise,
And yet sometimes from out her eyes
You peep, or whisper in her tone.
Then all her virtues, I confess,
Are naught beside your wistfulness,
More wistful now that you have grown.

(May Herschel Clarke, 254, Burrage Road, Woolwich.)

From the very large number of lyrics received we also select for special commendation those by H. P. Kingston (Willenhall), Annette Heard (Parkstone), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), M. B. (Calne), John van Druten (Willesden), Ivan Adair (Dublin), G. Lawrence Groom (Palmer's Green), Beatrice Skilton (Forest Gate), Dorothy Iveson (Ealing), Alec G. Churchet (South Hampstead), I. M. (Edinburgh), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), A. M. Christie (St. John's Wood), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), Mabel Leigh (Kensington), Laurence Tarr (Meuse), Frank N. Jellicoe (Buxton), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Alan Bland (Gloucester), John Arthur Lloyd (Ferndale), Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate), Jessie Hare Wakefield (Barnsley), C. F. Selous (Parkstone), Private R. F. Hopes (B.E.F., France), M. E. Morris (Torquay), May Dring (Stroud Green), K. (Catford), P. Narayana Kurup (Madras), Irene Arlington Davis (Crickhowell), L. Nugent (Sowerby Bridge), Margaret E. Richardson (Sunderland), Winifred Barrows (Malvern), R. H. Finn (Surbiton), E. Limebeer (London, S.W.), B. Hillyard (Exeter), Ruth Silverton (Wembley), Reginald Gray (Darlington), C. A. Eggar Banks (Fulham), Doreen M. Dillon (Lee), Edith Simpson (Stanley), P. M. Howard (Kingston), "Jacynth" (Manchester), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), Muriel Wiles (Brixham), Vivian Ford (Bristol), I. Watts (Leeds), Margaret D. Wright (Lewisham), Doris Towles (Hucclecote), Rex Hinton (Clevedon), Violet B. Gunn (Bishop's Stortford), Evelina San Garde (Accrington), L. Barringer (Hampstead), J. Frew Dougall (Glasgow), H. Baxter (East Finchley), Winifred E. Dimmock (Putney), E. R. Faraday (Orleton), J. A. B. (Highgate), Ada Strike (Worthing), George Savill (Brockley), A. Violet Gandy (Bath), Geraldine Gordon Salmon (Canterbury), Beatrice C. de S. Paer (Okehampton), E. Beechey (Bristol), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), Eileen Carfrae (Brixton), Margaret Bardswell (Kingston), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Nora B. Fry (Willesden), J. A. Thomson (Highgate), E. M. H. Harington (Folkestone), A. Donald Amos (Weymouth), E. Mayo (Coventry), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), Olive Searle (Lincoln), Margaret E. Riley (St. Austell), E. M. Bertie (Strawberry Hill), Margaret Odendaal (Heilbron, S.A.), Alex Smart (Aberdeen), Sadie C. Clay (Tingley), Ratan K. Nehree (Allahabad), Mary C. Mair (Guildford).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Ernest A. Fuller, of 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.10, for the following:

THE YEARS BETWEEN. By RUDYARD KIPLING. (Methuen.)

"Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together."

SHAKESPEARE, *The Passionate Pilgrim.*

We also select for printing:

MR. LESSINGHAM GOES HOME.
By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. (Hodder & Stoughton)

"There was a door to which I found no key."

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

(Miss M. A. Lotz, 41, Lingfield Road, Wimbledon.)

REPORTED MISSING. BY J. H. ROSNY. (Allen & Unwin.)

"Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.)

A MAINSAIL HAUL. BY JOHN MASEFIELD. (Elkin Mathews.)

"They only fished up the clerk's tortoiseshell spectacles."
Sir Rupert the Fearless: Ingoldsby Legends.

(Annie A. Robinson, 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath.)

AH, MR. GUY, MR. GUY! BY SIDNEY H. WEBB. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

"Remember, Remember,
The Fifth of November!"
English Folk-Rhyme.

(Queenie Scott-Hopper, 25, The Crescent, Whitley Bay.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best welcome to Cricket is awarded to William Sutherland, of 2, North Grove, Roker, Sunderland, for the following:

WELCOME TO CRICKET.

Thrice welcome back, oh good old-fashioned cricket!—
Which to renounce was "cricket" when war came;
For, war or peace, on hard or sticky wicket,
Our lads have shown that they can "play the game."

We select for special commendation the verses sent by Captain James Young (Cologne), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), W. F. Crossland (Sheffield), Private Robert C. Booker (Streatham Hill), Irene Wintle (Newport). Alice Wise (Leicester), C. Smart (Swansea), Anna Walker (Sleights), E. Raven Hart (Harleston), E. G. Hogan (Llandudno), Sergeant S. Elliott Napier (Tidworth).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Ernest A. Carr, of Lyndall, Essendon Road, Sanderstead, Surrey, for the following:

THE TOYS OF PEACE. BY "SAKI." (John Lane.)

Editorial insight has named this book from the first of its brilliant little stories and sketches. Toys of peace they are indeed, for the most part; the humours of a satiric mind mockingly at play in the drawing-rooms of the world before the war. A little unlike life sometimes (as toys are apt to be), they are gay, deft, sparkling, infinitely amusing. "Saki's" pen, light and graceful as a Court sword, serves to pierce meanness and folly to the void where the heart should be; a delicate thrust, a bloodless wound, and each fondly hidden motive is laid bare.

We also select for printing:

THE WANDERERS. BY MARY JOHNSON. (Constable.)

Miss Johnson's versatility is amazing. She has delighted us for years with her stories of "The Old Dominion." In this volume she ranges over the whole period of human existence; from the days when men lived in tree-tops to the days of the French Revolution. Whether she writes of aboriginal tribal life, of ancient Greece or Imperial Rome, or of the days when Luther burned papal bulls in Germany and Angelo painted prophets in Italy, she is equally convincing and informing. Through the whole book there runs like a sombre thread the tale of man's assertion of authority over woman.

(Rev. W. J. May, Epworth House, Tonypandy, Rhondda.)

HIS SECOND WIFE. BY ERNEST POOLE. (Macmillan.)

Ghosts of other people's influence live on in our lives, and some are very difficult to lay. How one woman succeeds, at length, in laying the ghost of her husband's first wife, forms the theme of this book, the interest of which is intensified by the fact that the dead woman was her own sister. Between the two characters, so vitally different—the one living on in the husband and threatening to subvert his better self, and the other impersonated in the second wife—a struggle takes place which is recorded with skill and subtle analysis of motives and methods.

(Elizabeth West, 13, Nepean Street, Ottawa, Ontario.)

We also select for special commendation the reviews by Alan D. Emerson (Taunton), Gordon Fletcher (Birmingham), William Saunders (Edinburgh), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), E. MacBean (Bristol), G. Ralton Barnard (York), Teresa Freeman (Kensington), Isabelle Griffin (Wolverhampton), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), M. Levy (London, N.W.), W. Curran Reedy Forest) Gate), Sheena Macfarlane (Douglas), John Bateman (St. John's Wood), Dick Johnson (Grimsby), Julia Green (Bradley), Mannington Sayers (Totnes), E. C. Soper (London, W.C.), K. B. Krishnamurati (Anatapur, Madras), Elsie M. Meredith (Bideford), Dorothy F. Williams (Oxford), M. A. Newman (Brighton), G. M. Field (London, S.W.), Doris Crowther (Hipperholme), J. Stanley Stokes (Heavitree), B. E. Todd (Doncaster), Ivy Ray (Surbiton), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Jessie Jackson, of 83, Walkergate, Beverley, East Yorks.

CLEMENCEAU.*

BY FREDERIC WHYTE.

ONE of these days, no doubt, we shall have an intimate portrait of M. Clemenceau, and a most interesting one it should be, for "The Tiger" is very human. In Mr. Hyndman's book, however, it is only the public man who is presented to us. Indeed the book is more historical than biographical. M. Clemenceau's letter to the author, reproduced in facsimile at the beginning of the volume, prepares the reader in some measure for this. He has "kept nothing," he declares, of what he has said or written; he "can furnish no details" as to his career, or mention anyone else who would be able to do so. Presumably, therefore, for the purpose of his study, Mr. Hyndman has had to rely largely on personal memories of occasional meetings with his great contemporary and on his own wide and profound knowledge of the history of modern France. But he writes vividly and forcibly, and there is something very pleasant as well as piquant in his enthusiasm for his subject. Who, before the war, would ever have imagined this most uncompromising of British Socialists sitting down to pen a panegyric on the arch-adversary of the Socialists of France?

Not unnaturally Mr. Hyndman is at his best and most informing when he deals with episodes in which Socialism is a conspicuous factor. Although their doughtiest opponent, by reason of his brilliant intellect and his strength of character, M. Clemenceau has always been much nearer to the Socialists than the generality of French statesmen. All his speeches and writings (as Mr. Hyndman gladly recognises) contain passages which every convinced Socialist would accept, and yet he has persisted in maintaining that Socialism would never become an effective political power in France.

* "Clemenceau: The Man and His Time." By H. M. Hyndman. 12s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)—"Clemenceau: Writer, Citizen, Statesman." By Camille Ducray. Translated by E. Allen. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"France," he would declare, "and, above all, rural France, which is the real France, is and will always remain steadfastly individualist—founded on property, property, property. That is their guiding principle in every relation in life." "I have seen them close at every stage of their existence from birth to death," he said once to Mr. Hyndman. "It is as useless to base any practical policy upon Socialist principles as it is chimerical to repose any confidence in Socialist votes."

That was at the end of the eighties or the beginning of the nineties, and Mr. Hyndman—so he tells us—warned the then deputy for the Var that the Socialists, combining with the Catholics, might rob him of his seat. So, in the General Election of 1893, it happened, and after seventeen years of parliamentary life a complete break in his career resulted. Mr. Hyndman thus sketches for us the Georges Clemenceau of this period, in his fifty-third year:

Photo by Manuel. **M. Clemenceau in his study.**
From "Clemenceau," by Camille Ducray. (Hodder & Stoughton).

"He looked what he was, active, alert, capable and highly intelligent. His face was an index to his character. It gave an impression of almost barbarous energy, which induced his Socialist detractors, long afterwards, to speak and write of him as 'The Kalmuck.' But this was merely caricature. Refinement, mental brilliancy, deep reflection and high cultivation shone out from his animated features. A teetotaller, abstemious in his habits, and always in training, Clemenceau with his rapidity of perception, quickness of retort and mastery of irony, combined with trenchant wit, was a formidable opponent indeed. Add to this that he was invariably well-informed—*très bien documenté*—in the matters of which he treated. It was quite inconceivable that he should refer to, or deal with, any speech, or convention, or treaty which he had not thoroughly studied. It was hopeless to catch Clemenceau tripping on any matter of fact or political engagement. Moreover, as remarked before, his rule in politics was based upon the soundest principle in all warfare: Never fail to attack in order to defend."

Mr. Hyndman proceeds to draw a striking contrast between M. Clemenceau's methods as a speaker and those of the great Socialist leader, Jaurès. Clemenceau's voice, he says, rarely rises above the conversational level, and as a rule he is quiet and unemotional in his manner. "But the directness of his assaults and the dynamitical force of his short periods gain rather than lose on that account; while his power of logical, connected argument, marshalling with ease such facts and quotations as he needs, has never been surpassed." In the famous oratorical duel with Jaurès in the Chamber of Deputies, Clemenceau showed his gifts at their highest:

"My sympathies," Mr. Hyndman proceeds, "were of course entirely with the eloquent and able champion of Socialism, whose power of holding even a hostile audience was extraordinary. . . . I was of opinion then, and I believe now, that Jaurès had much the stronger case. He spoke as he always did with eloquence, fervour and sincerity. As an oratorical display it was admirable. But I am bound to admit that as a mere question of immediate political dialectics, the Radical Premier got the better of the fray. It is possible, of course, that had Jaurès followed Clemenceau instead of having preceded him, that might have made a difference. But Jaurès's style, with its poetic elevation and long and imposing periods, was not so well suited as that of Clemenceau to a personal debate on immediate practical issues before such an audience as the French National Assembly."

Mr. Hyndman tells his story with wonderful vivacity. The youthfulness of this English septuagenarian is not less astonishing than that of M. Clemenceau himself; in the course of an excellent chapter on M. Clemenceau's literary work, he alludes incidentally to the "venerable pen" of Mrs. Humphry Ward with a cheekiness worthy of Miss Rebecca West! His sympathy with the French is whole-hearted and admirable. Here is a passage—one of many—which will be read with keen pleasure in France:

"It is this impatience of Paris with results already achieved, this desire to reach out and to embrace new forms in all departments of human achievement, which gave the French city her position as an indispensable entity in the cosmos of modern life. 'Boldness and boldness and boldness again' was Danton's prescription for the orator, and it might be taken as the motto of intellectual and artistic Paris. There is no hesitation, no contentment, no waiting by the wayside. New ideas and new conceptions must ever be replacing the old. Experience may teach what to avoid: experiment alone can teach what to attempt. And this not incidentally or as a passing phase of endeavour, but as a principle to be applied in every region of human effort. 'The Rights of Man,' 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' 'Property is Robbery' are as thought-provoking (though they solve no problem) in the domain of sociology as Pasteur's achievements in physiology and medicine. Whatever changes the future may have in store for us we who are not Frenchmen cannot dispense with the leadership and inspiration that come to us from Paris."

M. Camille Ducray's bright little volume is of a more personal nature than Mr. Hyndman's, but it has not really much to say about Clemenceau the individual, as distinct from Clemenceau the publicist and politician. A casual reference to the fact that he divorced his wife,

an American, reminds us how little thought we are apt to give to the private cares and troubles of a famous public man. We learn that there were three children of this marriage, but of the statesman in his capacity as *père de famille* we are told nothing. An interesting personal item of another kind is an account of M. Clemenceau's duel with Paul Déroulède which was looked forward to with anxiety by the friends of both parties, for both were good marksmen, but in which six shots were exchanged without result. And this, although on the previous day M. Clemenceau "had lodged nineteen out of twenty bullets in the dummy at the Gastinne-Renette shooting range"! One would like to have particulars of some of the other duels in which M. Clemenceau has taken part. Not many of them had so tame an ending.

New Books.

THE YEARS BETWEEN.*

The years between mark a period of sixteen years—time enough for a lyre to rust, and time enough for a fire to sink; but in lyre and fire the Kipling of 1919 is still the Kipling of 1903. Nay, even as "the child is father of the man," so this last virile volume is the legitimate progeny of "Departmental Ditties," the "little brown baby with a pink string round its stomach," born some thirty-three years ago. The little brown baby aforesaid became an infant prodigy, also an *enfant terrible*, and quickly attaining a precocious maturity, acquired a style so original and individual as hardly to need the attestation of a signature. And the precocious maturity did not—as is often the case—lead to arrested development and early decay; Kipling has continued to grow, and is growing still, and this last volume of poems contains some of the finest and ripest work he has achieved. It will not perhaps receive the enthusiastic welcome that greeted his first work, but if so, it will be because his work is no longer a surprise, and can no longer expect to enjoy the popularity of a debutante.

We have said that the Kipling of "The Years Between" is still the Kipling of the "Departmental Ditties," but we have also said that Kipling has grown. He has grown in height and in breadth. He is no longer departmental, he has become national; he is no longer a story-teller, he has become a prophet. He has become fiercer too, more earnest, and sometimes more bitter. Formerly he had a button on his foil; now the button is gone.

That does not make him more popular; it is apt indeed to make him disliked. In old days he was accused of banjo-playing! Now he is compared to a street-corner revivalist, to a Billy Sunday, to a jazz-band, and to other similar noisy nuisances. We admit that he has the vehemence of a revivalist, the fervour of a Billy Sunday and the fury of a jazz-band; and yet we maintain that even in his fiercest fulminations he remains a great poet, and a great artist. He may dance a war-dance with the muscular violence of a Zulu; but he is a Nordkin not a Zulu; his rhythms are perfect, and his agility and grace are even more remarkable than his vigour. He may sometimes wield a bludgeon; but there is as much music behind it as behind a conductor's baton; and if he crush a hostile skull with a Nasmyth hammer in the name of Hate, with the same hammer he can crack a chrysalis to liberate a butterfly. His anger is always in control; and his hand is always steady and his head cool, however unsteady and hot his heart may be.

Jazz-bands he never emulates; he does not condescend to *vers libre* and ragtime; his metres are simple, sober, and unpretentious; and no poet has been less affected by the ataxias of the decadents.

In brief he is a great artist.

What could be more artistic than this?

> "They had no heart for the rally and the roar
> That makes the whale-bath smoke—
> When the great blades cleave, and hold, and leave
> As on the racing stroke."

The words go like oars; the oars "cleave" and "leave" as if we had them in our own hands. That is the work of a great craftsman.

What could be more artistic than his noble verses to Lord Roberts? Take the last two verses:

> "Never again the war-wise face,
> The weighed and urgent word
> That pleaded in the market place,
> Pleaded and was not heard!
>
> "Yet from his life a new life springs
> Through all the hosts to come;
> And Glory is the least of things
> That follow this man home."

The critics who compare the poet to Billy Sunday may not appreciate the art of these lines, but the simplicity and the inevitability of the words, and the quiet ease of the metre are the work of a great poet.

Some critic of Kipling—was it Richard Le Gallienne?—once affirmed that he could write poetry only in patois, but the two poems from which I have quoted, and several others in this volume, prove that he can also write poetry in classical English.

Very seldom does one find flaws in Kipling's workmanship, and only a bold, bad man would venture to alter many words, but still occasionally a flaw does appear. Most lovers of poetic art would, I think, agree with me that in the sixth line of "The Declaration of London"—"Panting to shame us anew"—"panting" is out of drawing. Some of the lines, too, in "The Holy War" challenge comparison with "Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers," and "My Boy Jack," though evidently intended to be a lyric, has no lyrical qualities whatsoever.

To separate Kipling the poet from Kipling the politician seems difficult for some people; but the writer, though fiercely dissenting from Kipling's political views, finds no difficulty at all. Even though he may combat the poet's views, he is compelled to admit that he is "a bonnie fechter," and cannot deny him—to quote his own magnificent phrase—"that extorted word of praise gasped between lunge and guard."

The poet is in deadly earnest and his fiery denunciations are sometimes as shining as Excalibur, as beautiful as the spear of St. George:

> "The faith in which we stand,
> The laws we made and guard,
> Our honour, lives, and land
> Are given as reward
> To murder done by night,
> To treason taught by day,
> To folly, sloth, and spite,
> And we are cast away."

That is biting, that is bitter, and it may be unbalanced and untrue—but it is poetry, and almost as great poetry as Sir William Watson's invectives in "The Purple East."

Polemical poetry is not the greatest poetry; but it requires a great poet to write it well, and Kipling does write it well, and we must praise him.

And yet the magnificent phrase we have already quoted finds a chink in his own armour, for alas, "between lunge and guard" Kipling has no breath to praise a foe. He is too murderous and too merciless; he forgets to be chivalrous. Were he as great a man as he is great poet, we think he might be a greater poet still.

But Kipling is not always fighting. His noble poem to Lord Roberts, the tender feeling in "My Boy Jack," the

* "The Years Between." By Rudyard Kipling. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

pathos of "Recantation," show with what skill he can interpret and express the gentler emotions of the heart; and though, so far, he has been mainly "*le poète, le prophète et le professeur d'energie des Anglo-Saxons*," I venture to prophesy that when autumn comes and mellows the poet's perfervid genius, he will play ever more and more on the gracious and gentle strings of beauty, and sympathy, and love.

Meantime, we thank him for another volume of great poetry.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

TRUTH IN THREE MOODS.*

We have here two novels in which the young girl is the centre of things and a volume of short stories in which pearl-fishers and beachcombers go in search of adventure. Nothing could possibly seem, at first sight, more unlike than the subjects of the novels and the tales. Mr. Marshall, too, is of the country vicarage temperament, Mr. Lunn takes most naturally to literary Bohemia and Mr. de Vere Stacpoole dearly loves a wild man. Yet all three are concerned essentially with things as they are, not as they might be. That is not to say that they are out simply to tell unpleasant truths, in the old sense of what some people call realism. It merely means that one aspect or another of life being interesting to each one personally, he therefore assumes that it will be equally interesting to his readers. There is thus no special searching after effect in any of the three, though Mr. Lunn's style is spiced with wit and Mr. Marshall's colourless in the extreme. Nor does Mr. Stacpoole, so haunted by the blueness of his coral islands, do more than pour out a stream of fine anecdote in the easy manner of the born raconteur. Easy, natural workmanship is, then, the mark of all three writers; they are very English too, since their sense of breeding forbids over-emphasis either of thought or passion.

In manner Mr. Marshall belongs to the school of Turgenieff; here is the Russian's avoidance of colour or mannerism, the same distaste for anything like violence or exaggeration. But, while Turgenieff's figures are extraordinarily distinctive, Mr. Marshall's are all very much alike. One country squire is rather kindlier or broader-minded than another, one parson is sanctimonious and another quarrelsome, one girl is fashionable and the other simple; that is all. They are all stamped simply with the hall-mark of class and with but little else. The Grafton family is very pleasant, but one cannot help asking: is it worth while that a whole elaborate social system should be maintained just to produce nothing better than these amiable nonentities? The highest point of magnanimity reached by them is, for instance, when a daughter of the house is actually allowed to marry a land agent. This, in fact, is what the world of Trollope has come to to-day; we begin to question the right of his people even to exist! Mr. Marshall himself once actually suggests the idea, so far is he removed from Trollope's sense of stability. As a matter of fact, the Graftons and their type have only one excuse to offer for existing and that is just their enjoyment of life. They are happy, contented people, and this without a spice of cruelty, though they would surely be "gey dull to live wi."

In "The Will to Love," written while the author was prisoner in the hands of the Germans, we have a study of a certain type of modern girl that is as ruthless as "Hedda Gabler" and as significant. Barbara Guest, daughter of a master at a public school, may be called a human being first and a girl second; that is, she is as inquisitive, as hungry for experience as a boy, and far more reckless than the average boy. Morally, she is a warning against the half-way house that is so popular now in dealing with the young people. She knows everything at second-hand, nothing at first-hand, least of all her function in a complex universe. So untrained, yet so "free," with a weak and kindly father and a silly, tyrannical mother, she falls an easy prey to a middle-aged poseur whose rôle is that of the misunderstood genius. It is always rather difficult to see why Barbara's father failed to kick the man out of the house, but Mr. Guest is obviously no man of the world and no judge of character. The moralists will probably quarrel with Mr. Lunn because he represents his heroine as escaping the ruin conventionally supposed to follow such an experience. But such blame is wrong, for Barbara is truly beggared of all the zest and hope that is the magnificent birthright of youth. She is a strange contrast to the girls in "The Graftons," who are born for the high-roads of life, while Barbara has the temperament of the explorer. The pity of it is that there is no healthy field provided for her instinct. One cannot but accept the book as a piece of truthful observation, though the turning-point of the whole, the man in the plot, is little better than a caricature. Mr. Lunn is vigorous and incisive, with a markedly individual outlook on life.

None the less it is a relief to turn to the simple people of the Pacific beaches. In fact, one feels sorry that Mr. Guest had not sufficient sense to take his daughter on a tour round the earth in order to give her a chance to taste the flavour of the big world. When we are a wise race we shall give every young thing a wander-year or two. And while the air of the Poles is curing our tubercuious cases, the wind of the South will perhaps be blowing joy into the hearts of the decadent. But till that wise and happy time we must fall back on the lagoons and murmuring palms of Mr. Stacpoole. The subjects of these tales are always delightful: humorous, grim, romantic. There is a grisly horror, for instance, in the story of the frigate birds who act as carrier pigeons between the cannibal tribe and the isle on which they fatten their human livestock; there is a Stevensonian humour in the idea of a boat sailing these reef-haunted seas with ne'er a navigator on board, trading in copra and meeting barrier surf and tropic storms with a captain and mate who are as helpless as a couple of blind kittens. Mr. Stacpoole struck oil indeed, as a story-teller, when first he sighted the Pacific. We are all deeply indebted to him, anyway.

M. P. WILLCOCKS

* "The Graftons." By Archibald Marshall. 6s. net. (Collins.)—"The Will to Love." By Hugh Lunn. 7s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)—"Under Blue Skies." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

LIMELIGHT AND TWILIGHT.*

These two books are so unlike, in treatment, style and theme, that it is almost impossible to bring them together under one heading. And yet they have some points in common. They are both concerned, one from the outside, one from the inside—and I could not venture to say which is the more intimate and compelling of these two diverse attitudes—with the study of a man, both of these men abnormal, both of them great, in their way.

The way of Charles Dickens, strewn with roses, loud with cheers, is of course the indubitably great way. It is the way that calls for a great trumpeter, and assuredly finds its destined choice in Mr. Crotch. No king of old time had ever a worthier herald than Dickens has found in the President of the Dickens Fellowship.

But he is something vastly more than a mere trumpeter. He is an interpreter also, and a guide. Above all he is an enthusiast. In no single instance does his fervour fail or his hero-worship falter.

In this, the fourth of his series of glowing panegyrics, he exhibits precisely the same qualities which distinguish his three earlier volumes and make them literature. For literature this book is, and stands on its own merits apart from its subject. "The Secret of Dickens," as Mr. Crotch himself finally proclaims, is the same old secret that has for ever animated genius: a true and tender kinship and sympathy with average human nature.

* "The Secret of Dickens." By W. W. Crotch. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)—"The Journal of a Disappointed Man." By W. N. P. Barbellion. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Almost definitely Mr. Crotch places Dickens as both the first and last of our great novelists. And it may be that he is right. But in this regard it is odd to quote the unconscious humour of the following passage:

"Mr. Bernard Shaw, himself among the most sincere and discriminating of Dickensians, who acclaimed the greatness of our author during the brief but decided period of his decline, has perpetrated the amazing and unhappy statement that Dickens had no sources of artistic inspiration whatever. 'Dickens,' he says in the course of an eloquent tribute, 'was one of the greatest writers who ever lived: an astounding man considering the barbarous ignorance of his period which left him as untouched by art and philosophy as a cave man. Compared to Goethe he is almost a savage.'"

I think, however, that if Mr. Bernard Shaw had been writing, not at any period of Dickens's decline, but during the period of his still continuing popularity, he would have had something much more severe to say about him than that.

To turn from Mr. Crotch's full-blooded acclamation of Dickens's greatness to the anæmics of "The Journal of a Disappointed Man" is to suffer something of a shock. That Mr. H. G. Wells should introduce such a book at first seems passing strange. And yet who else could have accomplished so difficult a task?

"An egotism," says he, "like an eggshell, is a thing from which to escape; the art of life is that escape," and adds, further on, "In this diary of an intensely egotistical young naturalist, tragically caught by the creeping approach of death, we have one of the most moving records of the youthful aspects of our universal struggle."

But set beside this utterance one of the last entries of the diarist himself and I think we shall find that he was not altogether or always an egotist. Says he, in the imminent clutch of death:

"I am lonely, penniless, paralysed, and just turned twenty-eight. But I snap my fingers in your face and with equal arrogance I pity you. I pity you in your smooth-running good luck and the stagnant serenity of your mind. I prefer my own torment. I am dying, but you are already a corpse. You have never really lived. Your body has never been flayed into tingling life by hopeless desire to love, to know, to act, to achieve. I do not envy you your absorption in the petty cares of a commonplace existence.

"Do you think I would exchange the communion with my own heart for the toy balloons of your silly conversation? Or my curiosity for your flickering interests? Or my despair for your comfortable hope? Or my present tawdry life for yours as polished and neat as a new threepenny bit? I would not. I gather my mantle around me and I solemnly thank God that I am not as some other men are.

"I am only twenty-eight, but I have telescoped into those few years a tolerably long life: I have loved and married, and have a family; I have wept and enjoyed, struggled and overcome, and when the hour comes I shall be content to die."

Of the diary itself I would say that to miss reading it is to lose a part of your very self. For we are all in it, and it has something to tell us about ourselves, every one of us, that otherwise we shall never know. It is truly inspired in that it is wholly sincere. The diary of a diseased mind wrought upon by a diseased body, some would say. But whatever else it may be it is not that. "Gloom!" says the diarist. "I love the word Gloom. Let me write the word large—GLOOM!"

And doubtless the general effect of the book is gloomy. But there is more gladness than sadness in it, after all. It thrills with beauty. It is replete with wit and humour. There are little picture notes in it of things seen, of ecstatic moments seized and held, of golden days and silver nights. There is also the deft, swift characterisation of fleeting figures, subtle and sure, intermingled with whole passages of purest poetry or acid satire. But always, of course, that sense of pain and weariness and disgust, that haunting pale ghost of Death for ever in close pursuit.

Nevertheless, a great book, not for the many perhaps, but certainly for the elect.

EDWIN PUGH.

A STRAYED POET.*

Mr. Yeats is so essentially a poet of genius that one must always approach what he has written in a spirit of reverence. Nothing, or very little, that he writes can be without the authentic touch; but it is a long time ago now since he began to go off into the mists, and more and more the mists threaten to envelop, engulf him. True mysticism is usually own sister to poetry: a man or woman can hardly be a mystic without being a poet as well. But Mr. Yeats's mysticism makes war on his poetry, so perhaps it is not the true mysticism. There is an exquisite little song of Mr. Yeats's of, I think, eight lines, with a refrain of "Love being out of fashion, like an old song." I would give all Mr. Yeats's mysticism for that one small lyric. The mysticism is here in "The Wild Swans at Coole," but the magic and the mystery have all but departed. There is very little in the authentic Yeats manner. Where is the magic manner of the "Song of Red Hanrahan," of "The Host of the Air," of "The Happy Townland," of all the precious and beautiful things straight from the heart of inspiration that Mr. Yeats has given the dull world? One used to object that the Abbey Theatre took the poet from his trade; but, no, for the poetry was there, if in more diluted form. The perverse mysticism has been the bane of this beautiful gift. It would be an impertinence to suppose that Mr. Yeats did not believe in his mysticism, and yet one cannot but feel that any mysticism, however perverse, if truly and sincerely believed in and followed, would make for poetry of its own. What a pity Michael Robartes and his kind cannot be pitched out of window with other impostors and impostures. The clear beauty of one poem, "The Wild Swans at Coole," emerges from the mists. There are beautiful verses in "Major Robert Gregory." There are cries for lost youth of a piercing pathos. The old enchantment is in the songs on the old theme of the unrequited love, and in these songs there are always nobilities as well as enchantment: "Memory," "His Praise," "His Phœnix," above all, "Broken Dreams":

"Vague memories, nothing but memories,
But in the grave all, all shall be renewed,
The certainty that I shall see that lady
In the first loveliness of womanhood.

"You are more beautiful than anyone,
And yet your body had a flaw. . . .
Your small hands are not beautiful,
And I am afraid that you will run
And paddle to the wrist
In the mysterious, always-brimming lake
Where those that have obeyed the holy law
Paddle and are perfect: leave unchanged
The hands that I have kissed
For old sake's sake."

Yet even in this passage one is not sure that the simplicity of the "paddling" is a genuine or a beautiful simplicity.

After all one turns back with gratitude to the lucent beauty of "The Wild Swans at Coole," where the poet keeps the old wild grace and purity of colour and music:

"The trees are in their autumn beauty
The woodland paths are dry,
Under the October twilight the water
Mirrors a still sky.
Upon the brimming water, among the stones,
Are nine and fifty swans.

"The nineteenth autumn has come upon me
Since I first made my count:
I saw before I had well finished
All suddenly mount
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings
Upon their clamorous wings.
* * * * *
"Unwearied still, lover by lover,
They paddle in the cold
Companionable streams, or climb the air;
Their hearts have not grown old:
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,
Attend upon them still."

* "The Wild Swans at Coole." By W. B. Yeats. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

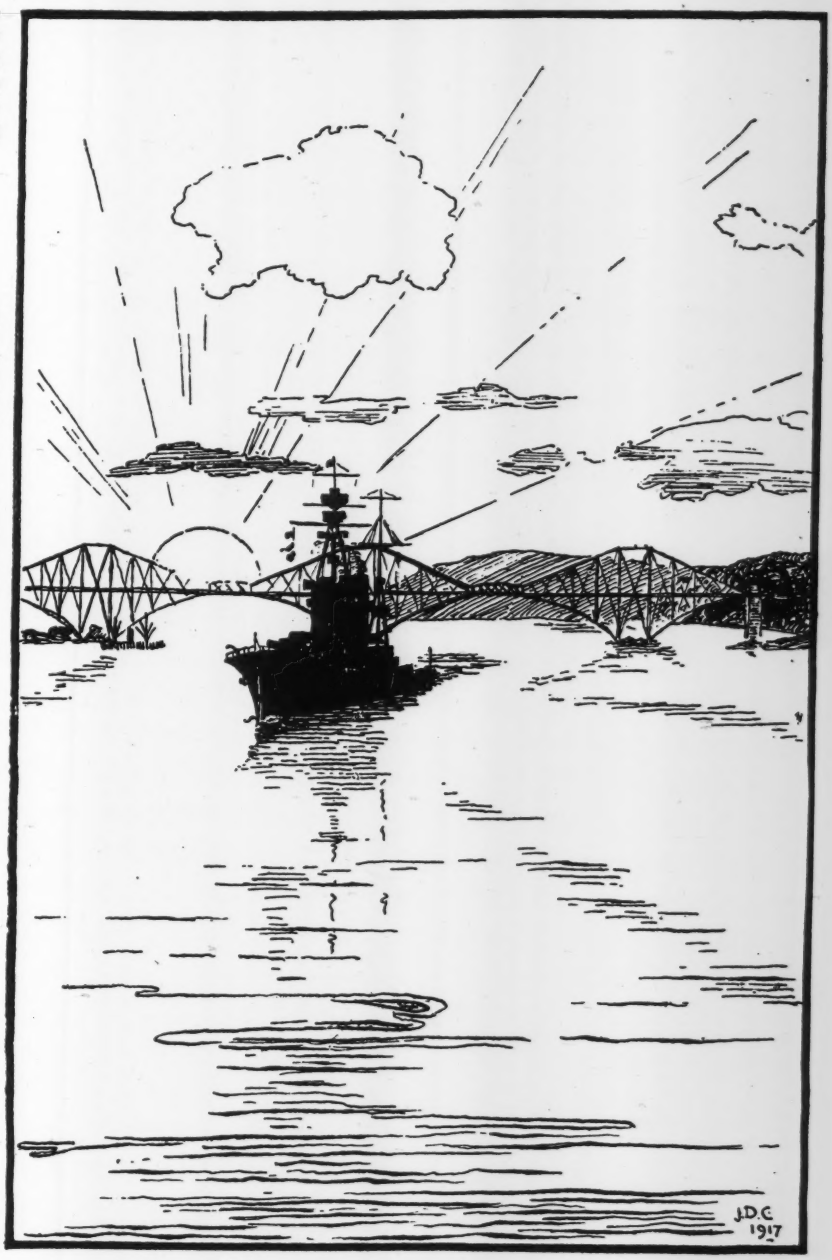
Reading this poem, and some few others in the new book, one is very grateful that the poet is not yet altogether befogged. But a plague upon what led him to those fountains of a fantastic and muddling philosophy.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE FEDERATION OF THE WORLD.*

The world would be a more rational place if every letter to a newspaper editor on the subject of the League of Nations had to be accompanied by a certificate that its writer had read Mr. Edward Jenks's book on "The State and the Nation." Starting from the generalisation that "those political communities or nations have been most successful which have most completely absorbed into their political institutions the social institutions of their earlier history," Mr. Jenks sets about supplying his readers with a really admirable account of the origins of most of our political institutions. He rightly lays much store by accurate discrimination among the various meanings of the terms he employs, and is a little apologetic about his insistence on the accuracy of his vocabulary; but his readers cannot fail to recognise the justice of his claims. Indeed, Mr. Jenks in the text illustrates unconsciously the need for care in the application of terms, for his use on page 116 of the word "instinctively" will set on edge the teeth of experts like Mr. Macdougall. But no man can hope to be completely master of any vocabulary save that of his speciality, and this mastery Mr. Jenks undoubtedly possesses.

The intelligent "plain man" will get up from reading this book with the conviction that somehow the world problems of to-day do not seem quite the same to him as when he sat down to it. Without doubt, Mr. Jenks presents the legal aspect in a way that appeals to the layman, for here the law is presented from the human side. Tracing things back to their sources is perhaps the best way of overcoming the Dogberryian heresy regarding the law, and this method is used in the book with eminent success. We have the usual vague speculations about primitive institutions, where there is not much room for originality that is at the same time plausible—though even here Mr. Jenks seems inclined to strike out a line for himself against the arboreal stage through which our ancestors are accused of passing—but the treatment is marked throughout by an appreciation of the value of evidence that is not always found in writing of this kind. Passing through the hunting, pastoral and agricultural stages, man by the development of commerce and craftsmanship was led to the development of the State, which Mr. Jenks is at great pains to distinguish from the nation. Admitting that the State is in its essence a military institution, Mr. Jenks shows how it has developed in such a way that it is now ripe to get rid of militarism. The reader will find something particularly attractive in the somewhat original view taken here of the feudal system and its effects on the development of the State into its modern form. The discriminating reader will not fail to admire the skilful use here made of the principle that rights have very frequently their origin in duties. If the citizen begins by being forced to become a member of parliament in the old days, and ends, in these days, by pleading with his fellow citizens to give him that status, so many of the duties that are now being forced upon us and America may in the future be regarded as rights which we will be very unwilling to give up. This hopeful tone runs through the whole of the book, and in the last chapter we find gathered together certain practical applications drawn from the lessons of the past. With his usual sensitiveness to the implications of a word, Mr. Jenks fights shy of the *League*



The Bridge.

"*Courageous* following us up harbour at Rosyth at dawn, after passing under Forth Bridge."
From "The Grand Fleet: A War-time Sketch-book," by Lieutenant John Coleridge, R.N.V.R. (Lee Warner). Reviewed in this Number.

* "The State and the Nation." By Edward Jenks. 4s. net. (Dent.)—"Education for Character." By Frank C. Sharp. (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

of Nations, and prefers the term *Federation*. It is more than a matter of words, and readers will be grateful to find so much here to encourage them to believe in the possibility of real world-progress.

If we are to believe Aristotle, the educator must take his orders from the statesman, because the State has to use what the educator produces. It is probably because education is such an important tool in the hands of the statesman that our editor has grouped together the two books noted below. At first sight they appear to have little enough in common, but what the editor has joined together let not the contributor put asunder. Mr. Jenks's statesman will find in Dr. Sharp's book just the sort of help he requires; for the State, according to Mr. Jenks, should leave to the guilds all sorts of technical education, and reserve to itself "the more fundamentally important and difficult questions of humane and liberal education." Dr. Sharp distinguishes effectively between moral instruction and moral training. There is a place for each, but he is apparently more concerned with instruction than with training, if for no other reason than that training has always been fully recognised and applied, while instruction in morals has always been a matter of acute controversy. England is specially interested in this discussion, for our great public schools are now recognised as particularly successful on the training side, and are notoriously opposed to mere instruction in morals. Dr. Sharp, as a co-worker of Mr. F. J. Gould, is a convinced supporter of direct moral instruction, and is hopeful enough to believe that he sees traces of a gradual conversion of the English secondary school teachers to his point of view. I admire this robust optimism, though I can see little to justify it. All the same, it would be highly desirable that our English teachers should read this book. A man who can make a plausible argument in favour of direct moral instruction out of the results of the French system of instruction in ethics, is a man worth attending to. He recognises the need for an understanding of the principles underlying the moral actions resulting from mere training, and in his argument certainly, though probably unconsciously, follows the Socratic view that virtue is knowledge. In any case his plea for a study of life through history and biography deserves sympathetic consideration from the teachers of adolescence. After all, Dr. Arnold himself was not far from the educational heaven that Dr. Sharp so engagingly describes.

JOHN ADAMS.

RESENTMENTS AND APPROVALS.*

Books of reprinted articles are sometimes scorned by uppish reviewers and generally declined by sceptical publishers. The view of the latter is that no one wants to buy them, and of the former that no one wants to read them—one must always distinguish between purchase and perusal. I can only say for myself, as a reviewer hardened in crime, that there are few books I enjoy more than a collection of other people's articles. I am a bookman, eager and unashamed, and when any one asks (usually in scorn), "Who wants to read books about books?" I reply "I do!" and I am not lonely in my desire; good bookish talk, either spoken or printed, is delightful to most readers worth the name.

The high quality of literary journalism always impresses me whenever such a book as the present appears. I fear readers do not invariably appreciate the fundamental brainwork and the unconvenanted labour that go into the articles they postpone at lunch time and have forgotten by tea time. Our press may have changed for the worse in some respects, but in the quantity and the quality of its literary journalism it is as good as ever. Among the forces that have helped to shape a new generation, the future historian will not omit to reckon the stream of literary criticism that has poured steadily from the modern press. So, gentle—and especially, ungentle—reader, scorn not the book of articles. Get this book, certainly; for you will be glad to read it once, and glad to have it on your shelf for further reference. And read other books like it. Pay your modest two or three half-crowns and possess them yourself, or ask for them at the libraries, and insist on getting them. I may want to reprint some of my own essays some day.

Mr. Arthur Waugh, who has in his time produced many literary articles, including the author of "Resentment" and "The Loom of Youth," here offers us a few studies from the weightier periodicals, together with a selection of reviews on a smaller scale. Various as they are in scope, they are alike in excellence of matter, soundness of workmanship and unity of purpose. Mr. Waugh has a definite standpoint. He is a confessed Victorian, with his sense of literature cultivated in the school of Tennyson, Arnold and Swinburne. He is at variance, therefore, with the ultra-moderns who seem to have abandoned law and order; and, borrowing one of his son's titles, he might have called some of his papers "Resentments." He resents the poets who write like this:

> "Pigs' cries white and tenuous,
> White and painful,
> White and—
> Bump!
> Tong!"

or like this:

> "I grow old . . . I grow old . . .
> I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled."

If he is wrong in his resentment, it is in bothering too much about such things. Upon the lower slopes of Parnassus there will always be little herds of bleaters calling scorn upon the great ones at the top, and praise upon the greater ones (themselves) at the bottom; and the more you notice them, even in the shape of critical half-bricks, the better pleased they are. Poetry in every age has always its funny fringe. Often the strains of revolting poetry (pray observe the ambiguity) get mixed up with the genuine new music. Wordsworth, for instance, who felt called upon to revolt a century ago, was able, upon his theory, to write such lines as these:

> "Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
> His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills;"

and the deep beauty of it makes you want to cry. But he was also able, upon his theory, to write such lines as these:

> "Few months of life has he in store
> As he to you will tell,
> For still, the more he works, the more
> His poor old ankles swell;"

and the painful absurdity of it makes you want to yell. But the world of readers will know how to discriminate. Gamaliel was a good critic.

Mr. Waugh stands for tradition, and for such change as respects tradition. He is generous in praise of Masefield, Flecker and Squire, but he cannot away with Mr. D. H. Lawrence, who plainly irritates him. He is happier with Arthur Symons and Stephen Phillips. In prose, too, his range of sympathy is wide. Dickens, Stevenson, Butler, Conrad and our lamented Bookman, Dixon Scott, all get their tribute of admiration; but he has to draw a line somewhere. Readers of these pages may have gathered that I am not inclined to overpraise Mr. Bernard Shaw, or, at least, that Mr. Bernard Shaw thinks I am not. I do suggest, however, that such a passage as this is not critically justifiable:

> "His characters have movement, but they do not live. They are jerked about on strings in an atmosphere of stifling inhumanity. The pleasure which an audience derives from their evolutions is not far separated from the pleasure with which a music-hall crowd watches the set-to of a couple of knock-abouts. The method is almost precisely the same; what the two Macs used to do with walking-sticks Mr. Shaw's characters do with words."

Now, is that true of "Candida," of "John Bull's Other Island," of "Major Barbara"? Is it true even of such

* "Tradition and Change." By Arthur Waugh. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PELMAN INSTITUTE.

My Dear "Pelman,"

I venture upon a letter, the last of a correspondence *si intime*. Perhaps Lord Chesterfield's son felt as I do when the famous epistles closed, and he crossed swords with the world—armed with paternal wisdom.

You ask *me*—who have bared my naked soul to you—what have been your most helpful features? I don't hesitate: Your cheery optimism; the danger-signal you hoist at the word "Drift." May I bore you to tears with a little human document?

The downs and ups of the Boer War made subsequent peace-time parades and military routine seem futile. I changed the saddle for a secretaryship. For seven strenuous years I worked, and pushed, and wedged. I ate, drank, slept, lived for that big business. I became a director. I became Managing Director. For five years I declared dividends. My Rolls-Royce took me to office and factory. Two days a week I hunted or played golf. All was for the best in that best of worlds, where money was to be spent, not hoarded. But—it was drifting. I saw no "writing on the wall." Why row hard when the race had been won?

One August morning in 1914 "Boot and Saddle" sounded. I gave up everything, and was soon across the Channel. Mid-1915 saw me back in England, in hospital for six months. From then on—Home Service.

Do you know what "H.S." means to keen soldiers? It means breaking their spirits, depression, insomnia, and all the salt of life damped. In good time self-worry and pessimism open the door to the old trouble, and the hospital ward. "Drift" again.

Then you came, my friend, when there seemed little hope, and less desire to begin life afresh at 50. Lesson 1: I bucked up, for there was a bright little message in grey. Lesson 2: Self-analysis and the meaning of "drift." Lesson 3: I was an optimist. The clock began going backwards. I write cheery letters to old business I had neglected. I was no longer, it would seem, a dull dog. People called and discussed future possibilities. So the Course ran through.

Behold me, full of courage, sincerity, enthusiasm, and with a definite purpose. Others perceive it. I know that by their faces. You have demonstrated rare qualities, and pointed out the way to add a pretty conceit to personality. I thank you. As to "Drift"—the very word has been hounded forth, as R. L. S. would say, with all the circumstances of contumely. It is "napoo," as any batman had it.

Unlike the Spaniard, who asks himself: "Shall I be as brave to-morrow as I am to-day?" I say: "My friend Pelman says 'you can be.' I SHALL BE."

Good-bye and Good Luck.

Believe me,
Yours devotedly but never drifting,
Student D. 11279.

"The Definite Object."

If evidence were needed of the power of Pelmanism to stretch forth a warm helping hand to those who need it, the foregoing letter surely provides it in the most convincing form. Here is a man—a man of acumen and high intelligence—who wins his way through years of hard and exacting toil to a prominent position in the business world. He lives every moment of his days with the definite object of reaching the position where he can be in complete control of the great organisation of which he is a member. He attains his definite object, and the fruits of his labours fall ripe to his hands. It seems that all that man could desire this man possesses. And he begins to rest on his laurels—he begins to drift.

Dead Sea Fruit.

It would seem that this man should be a happy man, contented to "carry on" with his motoring, his hunting, and his golf, knowing that his years of toil have been amply repaid. But he is not happy, he is not content. That something which is in all of us—sometimes sleeping, but never wholly dead—that impels us to work and strive to fulfil some purpose, makes him realise that it is wrong to drift, however circumstances may smile, however golden be the sun of prosperity. All his possessions, all his pleasures become as Dead Sea Fruit. For he has lost interest. He has no definite purpose. Stimulus is lacking. He is a "drifter."

The Awakening.

Then Pelmanism comes into his story. Have you ever had a fit of depression, when all the world frowns, when the sunniest day seems only to accentuate your mental gloom. Then a bright, breezy friend bursts in upon you, wrings your hand, and laughs a merry laugh, breaks a lance of humour with you, and away goes your depression like stale atmosphere when a whiff of fresh air breaks in upon it. That is just how Pelmanism came to this man. Lesson 1 he calls "a bright little message in grey." He had no idea, probably, that the very first lesson would do so much to enliven and stimulate his mind. But it did, and therein lies one of the chief charms of Pelmanism. Its effect is manifest from the moment you open the cover of the first of "the little grey books." Pelmanism literally *stings* the mind into activity. You cannot be content to "drift" once Pelmanism has gripped you. So this Pelmanist found it, and proceeded with avidity to the next lesson, the lesson which gives a man that greatest of all gifts—"self-knowledge." He begins to analyse himself, to rediscover his potentialities, to realise and rectify his shortcomings. Pelmanism burnishes and brightens his intellect, enlightens his understanding, and strips his mind bare of all sham, all self-deception. He sees that life is nothing without the striving to accomplish. He formulates a new object in life and, secure in the knowledge that he is advancing with a mind perfectly equipped to a certain goal, he sheds all doubt and depression, all weakness and lassitude.

Pelmanism has given him courage, optimism, mental strength and certitude, and a fresh youthful outlook on life that can never again be undermined by the "drift" evil.

Such is his story. He attributes the great changes wrought in him to the sole agency of Pelmanism. A tribute indeed, that one would go far to match. He is a living tribute to Pelmanism; every step he travels on the road he has now mapped out for himself is a testimonial to the stimulus and unfailing inspiration of this great system of mental training.

Mental Wealth.

The money values of Pelmanism are undoubtedly great. Thousands of its students say it has made them richer in a worldly sense, but it would be a sordid thing if it were only an aid to money-making. It does much more than help you to increase your income. It gives you that greatest of all wealth—a buoyant mind radiant with the keenness, enthusiasm, and "live" efficiency which is supposed to be (but, as Pelmanism demonstrates, is certainly not) the sole prerogative of youth.

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comic inventions as "You Never Can Tell" or "Arms and the Man"? Mr. Shaw has often trifled with a great talent; but we should beware of answering folly with foolishness.

The best of Mr. Waugh's articles, that on recent war poetry, says many excellent things, notably that this is the first real war poetry we have ever had. Bellona's trappings have been stripped off as ruthlessly by the poets as by the painters. Sassoon is as relentlessly veracious as Nevinson. To discover what war poetry should not be, read Addison's "Campaign." Indeed, in the human aspect of national necessity, a greater poet than Addison can show us the wrong way of writing. Who can read now without impatience such lines as these?

"For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill.
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam.
That the smooth-faced snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yard-wand, home."

The real magnanimity of our "counter-jumpers" makes this petty Tennysonian "patriotism" look paltry indeed. No! Our moderns can do better than that. Those who have been down to hell together behold in their fellows something more than cheating, snub-nosed rogues. Their note is that of Julian Grenfell's blackbird, who sings to the fighting man, "Brother, brother!"

GEORGE SAMPSON.

TWO LONDON STORIES.*

There is no counting the stories that have been written about London already; yet there is always a new story of it for somebody to tell, and always will be. Age shall not wither nor custom stale its infinite variety. Every writer who is subdued to its charm, seeing its changing show through his own temperament, finds some fresh phase of its motley life and character to study and interpret.

Of the living novelists who have made London their province few have become more inseparably identified with the place and its people than Mr. Pett Ridge. He may lay his scenes occasionally in country parts, but there he is an excursionist and in London he is at home. He is at home in "The Bustling Hours"—a story of what we have come to regard as a typical Pett Ridge girl, and one who has to earn her living amid the abnormal conditions of London in war time. Thoroughly capable, uncompromisingly independent, Dorothy Gainsford is realised with such sympathetic understanding that you can believe in the feminine charm no less than the practical common sense of her pleasant personality. She works in a munition factory; serves as secretary to the fussy committee of a war charity; plays the violin at concerts for wounded soldiers; yet finds time to keep an eye on the business and rather helpless wife of her brother-in-law, the small newsagent, who had reluctantly gone into the Army, and to sadden and rejoice through her intermittent love romance, that had its beginning when she hurried to give first-aid to a breezy young airman whose machine had come a cropper in Regent's Park. It is a deftly handled, entertaining story that in the pathos, humour, homely romance of its everyday realism, and the quiet art with which its everyday characters are individualised is intimately characteristic of Mr. Pett Ridge, and of Mr. Pett Ridge in his happiest vein.

In some of his books—in "Pilgrimage," in "Youth Went Riding"—Mr. C. E. Lawrence has gone far afield from London and even from the modern world, but like Lamb he has given his heart with usury to the great City and its motley crowds and is as faithful as Mr. Pett Ridge in his presentation of them, though he sees them from a different angle and through a different temperament. His "Mrs. Bente" is a powerfully, somewhat grimly realistic tale of the seamy side of latter-day London. His new novel, "Such Stuff as Dreams," is modern and of London again, but leavens the realism of common life with a strain of eerie, imaginative fantasy. Fitzroy Stone, a City clerk, and his delightful little wife, Jessie, live in a flat in Theobald's Road, and by shrewd descriptive touches and a quietly humorous narration of incidents you are made familiar with them and their circle—with Mr. Dubosc, the urbane young tea-taster who lives on the opposite landing and cherishes a secret passion for Jessie; with Mr. Sampson, the irritatingly dogmatic pastor of the New Religion, his suppressed wife and sternly disciplined son; and especially with Jessie's drunken, lovable Uncle Zeph—a quaint old Bohemian, a philosopher, an idealist, who, lost to respectability, never loses a sense of the poetry and beauty of the natural world, and so seems still a finer, rarer spirit among more respectable persons.

None but he accepts without surprise the visions that come to Fitzroy and change him from a commonplace clerk to something of a seer when an injury to his head miraculously endows him with a new sense, so that as he walks them the solid streets fade like a mist, and he is in the old streets of earlier ages, which return to their places, and sees them thronged with men and women who peopled them in far-off years. The magic of London, of all it means to whoso knows all its story, has never been more subtly or fancifully suggested than in the pages concerned with Fitzroy's strangely happy affliction. What follows on the development of the amazing faculty he has accidentally acquired, its effect upon himself and others who, with the exception of Uncle Zeph, suspect he is going mad, is narrated with imaginative sympathy and an elvish sense of humour. An unusual, curiously interesting story, in which the vividest realities blend harmoniously with what we carelessly call unrealities, and one is made aware of the infinite romance and wonder and mystery that round the most ordinary of lives and would transfigure the sordidness of the biggest business city in the world, if we had hearts to understand and eyes to see.

* "The Bustling Hours." By W. Pett Ridge. 6s. net. (Methuen.)—"Such Stuff as Dreams." By C. E. Lawrence. 7s. net. (John Murray.)

FAITH, HOPE, AND POLICY.*

Those, if any, who still stand out against the League of Nations as an imported and impracticable idea had better read this book. It would not be Mr. Garvin's if it were not eloquent in exhortation, infectious in its optimism, and overwhelming by the scale of its conception. Where he repeats himself, he does so in spirals, never in ruts; and where he recurs to a problem, he does so from a new angle, with fresh argument and instance. He introduces into world politics the Conrad method of laying siege to a subject, instead of laying a train, that he may build his synthesis the better on the acquiescence of the reader. It is difficult at any time to frame what we might call a Critique of Power-Reason, and never more than in a time of world upheaval. But at last we must be made to see that the Mercatorial map is out of date, and that the older globe of the school-books is the right symbol of a world which is an organic whole or it is nothing.

Sir Paul Vinogradoff has been insisting that the League must be juridical as well as political, with power to enforce its judgments. Mr. Garvin contends that these factors are useless unless they have a sound economic basis, with frank interdependence of nations, and interest enough to bring in reluctants, or even recalcitrants, on terms. The only question is—whose terms these are to be. For here and there a misgiving will out in spite of the author's abounding enthusiasm. When he says Germany, once admitted, "would be the last to break up what it would be so much to her advantage to retain," some of us are rueful enough to urge that this fallacy went to pieces five years ago. Ruin is a poor cure for recklessness, and the gambler of 1914 seems to be a gambler still. The cartoonist who drew the average German five years ago as a kind of Dombey, sacrificing all human instincts to selfish ambition, might draw him to-day as a Carker, rushing

* "The Economic Foundations of Peace." By J. L. Garvin. 12s. net. (Macmillan.)

from justice into a hideous destruction. Mr. Garvin, again, cites the Universal Postal Union as a promising augury for the League. But the Union's operation was conjunctive, not competitive; and competition will be the breath of the new era, especially with an enemy whose fangs have been sharpened by defeat. Nor is there anything to show that her present arrogance and craft in avoiding a just reparation will grow any less unscrupulous in the days of self-recovery foretold for her here, with a knowledge of history and national character that we all must envy. For the moment the old centrifugal energy of Germany is turned against herself with suicidal fury, but even now she shows a vicious faculty for taking advantage of the differences incident to nations steeped in liberty, and what will she not do in the future against, or inside, a system which depends for its correctives upon a joint army of fourteen Powers or more?

All this is not to ignore the passages where the author expounds the measures he has in mind for any breach soever of this Utopian peace, but merely to say that while we warm our hands at the fire of Mr. Garvin's fervour, it does not always sway the reader's mind. In the same way, one perceives the cogency and prescience of his plans in the direction of indemnities, but half a year's delay has fortified the bankrupt in his plausibilities while it has reduced the assets. The vastness of the present survey goes far to show delay was inevitable, but it does not help the official receiver to restore the estate. What is more, Mr. Garvin convinces us as to the Herculean tasks that confront the League in the matter of its own construction, in the framing of safeguards, the sifting and maintenance of its aims, and in its adaptation to the changing conditions of a reinvigorated world. If there were Leiters and Rockefellers before the war, there will be "Bolshevists of capital" still, and we see already what the party drum can do, not merely to discredit super-nationalism, but to set sub-national interests above universal, even in the land where the League was first conceived.

These are but a few of the crowding thoughts to which this book gives rise. Time alone can justify its hopes for Russia and the smaller nations, for labour and health problems, the civilising influence of aviation, and the rest. It holds that "the progress of civilisation itself must be read as a history of the development of communications and means of transport," but why not regard these last elements as merely the chapterings of human progress, where the burden of the story consists in some such radiant hopes of humanity as illuminate books like this? When I was in Berlin some weeks ago, there was only one man in England of whose views I had inquiry made to me, and that was Mr. Garvin. Can anyone wonder at his international reputation when he can so leave the top-hamper and jargon of the jurists all behind, and carry us easily across terrestrial and secular limits as he does here? The sooner this book is rendered into German the better; but our own debt still remains. Into its writing there must have gone an infinitude of thought, but though the title is utilitarian, the pervading soul of it is a splendid idealism, one which flashes out in the diagram of world-partnership at the close, and breathes like a sigh in the profoundly sad and noble dedication. "*Une grande esperance a traversé la terre*," as Bossuet said, and faith needs mountains and perils to test it. The very size of this book is a recognition of the difficulties ahead, but it is great in essence as well, and it is a pleasure to think it emanated from a British pen.

J. P. COLLINS.

UMBRAE SILENTES.*

A literary document, the work of a man of letters carrying certain titles of distinction as a prose writer, is so rare an event in the annals of a publishing house devoted to occult philosophy that one must be pardoned a certain feeling of surprise and some speculation as to how the fact has come about. There is, I suppose, an obscure reason why the testimonies of modern esoteric schools are almost

* "Umbrae Silentes." By Frank Pearce Sturm, M.D. 6s. net (Theosophical Publishing Society.)

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invariably in separation from any literate art or skill—when they are not a militant offence against it. That reason lies, however, concealed within the shadows which overcloud the schools and their subjects. It is to be observed in the present instance, when a contrast is marked so clearly, that "Umbrae Silentes" is not exactly an occult or a theosophical document, though it tends in the latter direction. There are tolerant words about masters and two or three kindred doctrines which are dear to the heart of theosophy, as now understood. In itself it is a discourse on pre-existence, by one who has realised from the beginning in his own person and amidst remembered terrors of a rigidly sectarian childhood, that the soul "cometh from afar" and that the experience of many worlds is stored up within it. Of these successive re-embodiments in flesh and on this planet, which are of old Oriental faith, and have been brought over by modern theosophy into its catalogue of new concerns, the writer puts nothing certain on record; but between the lines of his essays one can read an innate dislike, as at an arbitrary and material construction of intimations that are purely spiritual. My sympathies are of course with Mr. Sturm, because I prefer Wordsworth to Leadbeater and seventeenth century unfoldings of the "race and royalty" of the soul to official lists of the reincarnations of Aligone. My sympathies are also with him, because he has given us no formal papers on his own subject, but the musings of a prose poet without order or design and inter-blended both there and here with casual personal informations, producing a pleasant impression that he is communing with his own soul and not addressing a reader. He gives us also some excellent verses which are the more welcome because they would be signally out of place in a methodical treatise or even in an orthodox book of essays. It would be very curious if a new spirit came over theosophy and it began to become literature.

A. E. W.

THE WAR IN THE CRADLE OF THE WORLD.*

"When the profits and losses of the war shall come to be added up and apportioned to the various countries involved, it will be found that Mesopotamia, regardless of what her eventual fate may be, will have benefited immeasurably. And so much for British occupation!" It must not be thought from this that Miss Egan does not appreciate and dilate upon the dust, dirt, drought, and dreariness among which our soldier boys had to work in a temperature of 110, 120 or 130 degrees. And only those who have tried it know what such high temperatures mean. All through, the volume is pervaded by the men of Mesopotamia until at last we come to the true story of the wonderful entertainment at the Jewish school—Jews, Persians, Arabs, Kurds, Syrians, Chaldeans and others—which wound up at 4 a.m., with "Hamlet" for its eleventh item. Early in the evening coffee was handed round, and General Maude alone took milk—raw milk—with his coffee. Three days after he was dead. "Oh, lady sahib! lady sahib! England's great man!" cried Miss Egan's Indian servant, weeping. But General Sir William Marshall, of whom General Maude had said, "a far better soldier than I am,—a splendid officer. Wish I were half as capable," was already "carrying on" in his place. England goes forward, though burial grounds fill up in the waste places of the earth. Remembering how long and earnestly the Jews of Baghdad have wished to be under a British Protectorate, one cannot help hoping she may not go back from this region until she has nurtured it into being fit for self-government. It is strange that this first volume about the side things in Mesopotamia should be written by an American not an English woman. But this does but add a further interest to a book which every one will do well to read.

* "The War in the Cradle of the World." By Eleanor Franklin Egan. 12s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

ON THE WESTERN FRONT.*

With the publication of the present volume giving an account of the campaign of 1917, this admirable summary of the war on the Western front approaches completion. Two final instalments will, it is anticipated, be ready by the summer and the end of the year respectively. In the work under review the battles dealt with are those of Arras, Messines, the third battle of Ypres, and the battle of Cambrai. It is probably, on account of the dramatic features of its two phases, the battle of Cambrai to which the greatest interest attaches and to which the reader will most eagerly turn. It was a surprise attack on a very extended scale, and, contrary to the usual procedure, was not preceded by any bombardment by the guns. A way for the infantry was to be made by the employment of the tanks to the number of about four hundred under the separate command of General Elles.

"It had always been the contention of the tank designers in England that their special weapon needed, what it had never yet found, virgin ground which was neither a morass nor a wilderness of shellholes."

The leading lines of tanks carried across their bows enormous faggots of wood to be released in such a manner as to fall forward into any ditch or trench, and thus form rude bridges over which the tanks could pass. The line extended from Bullecourt in the north to Villers-Ghislain in the south, opposite the town of Cambrai, some seven miles behind the Hindenburg Line. The divisions in this section consisted of the 16th and 3rd under General Haldane; next came those of the Fourth Army Corps (General Woolcombe). The first-named divisions were to attack the northern part of the Hindenburg main and support lines. The Fourth Army Corps was to hold the enemy in the front. To the Third Army Corps on the right of the former Corps was assigned the conduct of the main battle, and with this unit only were the tanks employed. General Haldane's divisions immediately secured their objectives. There was thus left between them and their companions of the Third Army Corps an unbroken length of the Hindenburg Line, hence the duty of the Fourth Corps to hold it while the Third was making its attack. The divisions of the latter Corps were, from left to right, the 36th, 62nd, 51st, 6th, 29th, 20th, and 12th, and the 55th Division of the Seventh Army Corps, whose duties, like those of the northernmost divisions, were of a subsidiary nature. All these units successfully gained their objectives except the 51st, who were held up at Flesquières, and part of the 29th, who failed to secure the bridge at Masnières which, having been damaged by the Germans, fell into the canal and carried with it the tank which was endeavouring to pass over. These untoward incidents prevented the employment of the Cavalry Divisions, whose contemplated action was intended to play an important part in the day's operations. The end of the day, however, had resulted in the German lines being deeply indented over a front of 6 miles, and to a depth of 4½ miles. The prisoners numbered over 5,000, many guns had been taken and the famous Hindenburg Line had been severed. Some progress was made on the following days, but before forty-eight hours had elapsed the Germans were able to bring up their reserves. Burlon, with its wooded heights and village (the key of the position), was not held. The climax came on November 30th, when the enemy made their tremendous counter-attack which poured especially into the southern end of the line with irresistible force. For several days the battle raged, with the result that the line had to be readjusted, but a considerable portion of the Hindenburg Line remained in our possession until we were driven from it in the spring of the following year.

The troops were magnificent, fully justifying Sir Thomas Browne's eulogy, "the heroical vein of Mankind runs much in the soldiery and courageous part of the world, and in that form we oftenest find men above men."

* "The British Campaign in France and Flanders 1917." By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The concluding volumes will be eagerly expected.

There are one or two slips to which attention may be directed. When th weary 40th Division was relieved by the 62nd Division, after a rest of only two days, the author states that it was indeed " a case of the tired relieving those who were only a little less tired." " Less " should clearly read " more." On page 280 the " 21st " should be " December 1st " ; and on page 284 the " 2nd " Coldstreams is a slip for the " 3rd " battalion.

NEW CLASSICAL TEXTS.*

The addition of some further volumes to the Loeb Classical Library will be a welcome event to those who are acquainted with that excellent series—an enterprise which advertisement cannot make known too widely, and which yet needs no advertisement for those who know it. The texts are produced in that most convenient of all manners, side by side with the renderings, and, so far, attention has been divided fairly between the palmary Greek and Latin authors and those who are met with seldom in handy or popular editions. Thus, in the Greek section, we have not only Euripides, Plato, Pindar, but Dio's " Roman History," the " Apollonius " of Philostratus —admirably translated by Mr. F. C. Conybeare—and Quintus Smyrnæus; while the Latin series, in addition to the great immortals—Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Catullus, Cicero—already includes the Confessions of St. Augustine and, most recent of all, Boethius. I have before me the sixth volume of Plutarch's " Lives," translated by Bernadotte Perrin. It contains the parallel lives of Dion and Brutus, of Timoleon and Æmilius Paulus. The text and translation, when completed, will extend to eleven volumes. Mr. Perrin, who is a scholar of Connecticut, U.S.A., tells us that in his rendering he has compared and utilised all standard translations of the " Lives," while the principle which has guided him in the Greek text has been the attainment of a harmony between the Sintenis and Bekker editions. There is also the text and translation of Virgil here completed by the issue of the second volume, the English version being the work of Professor Rushton Fairclough, of Stanford University, California. It includes the " Appendix Virgiliana " of Minor Poems, the centre of considerable controversy. A prefatory note gives the most important works bearing on the subject, and especially on the " Ciris " and " Culex." Professor Fairclough is content, on his own part, to cite authorities and opinions without expressing any definite view. Whatever their intrinsic value and however slight or serious the evidence for the claim of authorship, one is glad to have the poems collected here. After toying with the " Culex "—supposed to have been written by Virgil in his sixteenth year—after making mouths there and here at that and this in the " Catalepton," one can return again to the Æneid.

The third volume before me is that of Boethius containing: (1) " The Theōlogical Tractates," translated by Drs. H. F. Stewart and E. K. Rand, respectively Fellow of Trinity and Professor of Latin at Harvard; (2) " The Consolation of Philosophy," and for the first time—if I remember—in the Loeb Library, we have an honourable antique English rendering—that of 1609. It has been revised by the editors, but the alterations are those " demanded by a better text," for the version is characterised by a " loyalty to the original " which was rare at the Elizabethan period. The " requisites of modern scholarship " have not reduced the pleasant old-world flavour. The theological tracts are translated for the first time, and I suppose that the use and worth of the far-famed " Consolation," onward from the days of Cædmon, has so much eclipsed these *opuscula sacra*, that their very existence may come as a surprise to many. The translators say that they mark Boethius as a forerunner of St. Thomas Aquinas: " He was the last of the Roman philosophers and the first of the scholastic

* The Loeb Classical Library: Plutarch's " Lives," Vol. VI.; Virgil, Vol. II.; " Æneid and Minor Poems "; Boethius: " Theological Tractates and Consolation of Philosophy." 7s. 6d. net each. (Heinemann.)

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theologians." Shall we say, rather, a precursor, and that early? For he was born in Rome about A.D. 480, and was murdered or martyred in A.D. 524. The *opuscula* are a tract on the Trinity, considered as one God, not three Gods; a study on the question "whether Father, Son and Holy Spirit may be substantially predicated of the Divinity"; a third, entitled, "How Substances can be good in virtue of their existence without being Absolute Goods"; another on the Catholic Faith; and, finally, a "Treatise against Eutyches and Nestorius." Those on the Trinity and Catholic Faith are of most general interest, and the last is especially luminous. It raises many questions which can be neither discussed nor even named here. The Beatific Vision of St. Thomas is found at the end in a few words: "The sole reward of bliss will be the contemplation of the Almighty, so far, that is, as the creature may look on the Creator." There is also the traditional notion that the souls of the redeemed in the state of blessedness will make up the number of the angels whose places became empty in Heaven at the fall of Lucifer. Taken altogether, the tracts cast much light on the mind of him who wrote the "Consolation," and I think that the latter enters on a kind of new birth owing to their inclusion in the present valuable volume.

A. E. WAITE.

Novel Notes.

MISS FINGAL. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. 6s. net. (Blackwood.)

This is rather a strange tale. Aline Fingal is about as lonely and friendless a person as you can imagine, living a starved solitary life in a flat, when she comes into money. So far, a common situation—often to be found in a novel. But Aline inherits a country cottage, and when she goes down to see it, she becomes strangely interested in the young couple who have lived in it before her—Linda Allis-ton, and Dick, her husband. "They were happy, I can tell you. They thought the world of each other, and used to laugh for joy, and run in and out of the trees in the orchard, and all that, but it only lasted a little while." Dick was restless, behaved badly, and they were separated. Now Aline, who had no links with human beings, went to visit the dying and most lovable Linda, and her children, and began to be absorbed in their tragedy, for Linda still loved her "splendid Dick." Linda died at a moment when Aline lay insensible after an accident. And when Aline struggles back to life again, the spirit of Linda seems to have come to dwell in her. She, Aline, madly desires to look after Linda's children, who touched her hardly at all before. She feels different; does her hair like Linda. Dick Alliston comes to see her, and looking at her with startled eyes, says, "I love you, you know I do—first woman and last woman to me—I don't know why I say that—as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be." It is all so delicately done, so subtly told, that the hasty reader might not notice the deep interest of the problem. To such readers the story will seem insignificant, though pleasant enough, for the detail is careful and full of art. We are sorry Mrs. Clifford did not make her problem a little clearer. This is a distinguished and beautiful book.

WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK. By H. Rider Haggard. 7s. net. (Cassell.)

In this extremely interesting story Sir H. Rider Haggard illustrates—and with a Defoe-like accuracy—Solomon's dictum that there is nothing new under the sun. He resuscitates by word of mouth—as spoken by the Lord Ora and Lady Yva—a 250,000 year old civilisation, which is in many ways ahead of present-day culture; so much so, that flying machines were then regarded as somewhat out of date. Arbuthnot, Bastin and Blickley, a trinity of mutual disagreement, discover the survivors and remnants of this prodigious antiquity on an unknown island—a morsel of the sunken Lemurian Continent, which formerly made dry land of the South Seas. In some ways the author has reverted, in his latest creation, to the City of Kor and to the Caves of She, for Ora and his daughter are troglodytes, and he at least is semi-immortal, as a millenarian. Then, again, the adventures of the characters in the womb of the world somewhat resemble those related in the earlier romance, although the Pillar of Life-Fire is replaced by a gigantic top, the balance of the sphere, which shakes it when shifted. That it is not shifted by Ora—the rather steep villain of the tale—is due to the self-sacrifice of his daughter, who is reduced to ashes thereby—another resemblance to She, although that wonderful lady was merely shrivelled up. So again the idea of the story is emphasised, that as things were so they will be. But Sir H. Rider Haggard's fantasies-with-a-grain-of-truth lose nothing by repetition; this—in some degree—twice-told tale is remarkably enthralling; and he certainly has the art of converting the wild and wayward into a kind of spurious reality, grateful to those who labour in the very insistent world-as-it-really-is—of materialising, as it were, the Arabian Nights for the better understanding of the unimaginative West. All the characters are excellently delineated, whether the charming heroine—a most delightful creation—her terrible father Ora, Blickley the aggressive sceptic, Bastin, with his blind faith and narrow outlook, or Arbuthnot the official hero of the tale. Blickley, with his not-even-though-one-rose-from-the-dead attitude, is cleverly drawn, being one of those obstinate scientists, limited by the knowledge of the schools—which is by no means Wisdom—who cannot see, who declines to see, lest his mental apple-cart should be upset. Bastin the priest, the blundering teacher, the swallower of gigantic camels, is delicious. He always says the right thing at the wrong time, owing to his want of humour, and thus creates adventures at propitious moments. Arbuthnot himself is somewhat negative, and resembles the confidant of old comedies, whose part was to draw forth the sentiments of hero and heroine. But this limited group of characters is very much alive and, in conjunction, admirably portray the spirit of the parable. Sir H. Rider Haggard's story is wonderfully opportune; it is a fable containing a great truth, and is told as a scientific fairy tale; at the same time it is as bravely imagined a romance as any he has written.

AH, MR. GUY, MR. GUY! By Sidney Hastings Webb. 6s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

New humorists were never plentiful, and most of us were never readier than in these days to welcome one, especially when he comes with so much freshness of idea and manner as Mr. Sidney Hastings Webb reveals in "Ah, Mr. Guy, Mr. Guy!" To outline the plot would be to do the book less than justice, so much depends on the deftness with which it is developed, its airy skill in characterisation, the brightness and witty gaiety of its dialogue. It has a love interest, which is handled in the happiest light-comedy spirit; it has a mystery on which all the fun of the story centres, and a good deal depends on the preservation of that mystery until the right moment arrives for unveiling it, and until that right moment has been reached the odd secret is kept skilfully and tantalisingly hidden. The reader is as mystified as are most of the people in the story, for the crowning truth is known to only one even of them—to the charming Prudence Vaill herself. Chutter, the butler, is the most quaintly humorous character in the book, but the egregious 'Orace, who breaks out with another mystery of his own, runs him pretty closely. It is farcical, it is ridiculous, you may say, but that is what it was meant to be—a book for amusement only, a whimsical drama for the wise who have not forgotten how to laugh at what is laughable. To all such we recommend "Ah, Mr. Guy, Mr. Guy!" as a thoroughly enjoyable book, the cleverness of which is as much in the telling of it as in the tale that is told.

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THE LADY OF THE CROSSING. By Frederick Niven. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Niven now stands in the forefront of Scottish novelists, but he should guard against a tendency to obscurity and a laxity of phrasing. This, for instance, as to the arrival of the hero at an Out West place—"'Get up, Sal, get over, Bess,' said the driver, and swung the team into Hoskins Avenue, nearly pitching Sam off, for his gaze was on a girl. As it was he kinked his neck, and particularly the kink and partly a sense of propriety prevented him (the wheeling into Hoskins Avenue thus wheeling the lady right out of his vision) from turning round the other way next, and craning for a second view—'rubbernecking,' as they call such behaviour there." Despite writing of this kind, Mr. Niven has a good tale to tell. It is an "up West" yarn, and we have few authors to equal Mr. Niven in that field, for he has "been there." He worked on the C.P.R. in its early days, and he brings intimate knowledge of Western conditions into play in what he writes. The present work is noteworthy, and thoroughly readable throughout. It is with ingenious verve and first-hand knowledge that Mr. Niven portrays life in a raw Western township, and all of his characters are sketched with a Whistler-like exactitude and certainty. He has forgotten nothing of his impressions of the West, and when he brings them into a book he is splendid; but one has hopes that his biggest work will deal with his native land. In "The Lady of the Crossing" he makes a bolder aim at a constructive and coherent plot than in his other novels, the result being a book that has strong appeal to the average library subscriber as well as to people who know good writing from bad. Mr. Niven is one of the most interesting authors of the day, and one never knows what he will do next, unexpectedness being his forte. He delights in frightening the Philistines.

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Peter Fennton and Elizabeth Tain. (We suspected Peter would be the lucky man the moment his Christian name was disclosed; and when he said "Rath-*er*!" we knew.) The courtship begins on the steamer that is taking Elizabeth to India, and after an interval continues at Singapore and amid all the wonders of a Malay rubber plantation. The local colour is excellently suggested throughout, and the thrill of the story is provided by a native mutiny.

WHAT SNOW CONCEALS. By Hylda Rhodes. 7s. net. (John Long.)

"What Snow Conceals" is a pretty story; the antithesis of one by no means pretty—say "Wuthering Heights." In this tale, as in that, there are the elements of brutal primitive passions, but while Emily Brontë dug deep to get at the fire of these, Miss Rhodes is contented with dainty gardening on the surface. Her flower-beds hide a volcano it is true, but the tremendous forces never burst forth. This is a pity, as in Conway Milveyn she gives the outline of a character which could have been filled in and coloured very splendidly. As it is, the man remains an outline, throughout the book, and is scarcely missed when killed. Luigi, the degenerate artist, is better drawn, but he also is bloodless and performs nothing of moment, although opportunities are offered several times. Verona, his sister, is charming, but her sorrows are too much suppressed by ultra-civilisation to be interesting. She never lets herself go; there is too much reservation of her real force; it is sensed, but never seen. Frank Ingleby is one who talks, but does not act, even to save the heroine. Such conduct is too passive; it is unworthy of a hero, who by all the traditions of fiction should count the world well lost so long as he gains his mistress. The best and most human character in the story is Mrs. Le Strange the actress. She is flesh and blood; she has fire; more than anyone she colours a few of the pages of the book, notably those dealing with an air raid. But Miss Rhodes's story is filled with possibilities which are never taken advantage of. Miss Rhodes has power—the foundations of her plot prove as much. Let her throw her cap over the mill and dare the worst of drama, even of melodrama, and she will give us a story that is as good in the telling as in the idea of it.

CHRISTOPHER AND COLUMBUS. By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

The announcement of a new book by this author must always arouse lively expectation and a sense of gratitude for things to come in the minds of a great number of readers. For they feel assured that, whatever may be lacking in the forthcoming pleasure, they will not miss shrewd insight and piquant humour. With "Christopher and Columbus" we think they will have all their highest expectations gratified, for the author is in merry mood, and has presented us with a delightful comedy. Christopher and Columbus were really called Anna-Rosa and Anna-Felicitas, and were the twin daughters of a German father and an English mother. The war found them orphans in England under the roof of Uncle Arthur, who became more and more embarrassed with the effort to explain away the presence of two Von Twinklers in his aggressively British home. Finally, he shipped them off to the United States, with two hundred pounds and a couple of introductions of somewhat dubious value. Thrilled with their voyage of adventure, the twins decided to share between them the name of Christopher Columbus. With their mother's charms they inherited their father's syntax, and their forlorn childishness and naive speechifying proved irresistible to Mr. Edward Twist, an American with a motherly heart, who had made a fortune by inventing a "Non-Trickler Teapot." Mr. Twist mothered the Twinklers on the voyage, but found on landing that Uncle Arthur's introductions were broken reeds, and that Christopher and Columbus were on his hands. He tried unsuccessfully to explain the situation to his mother, and after various expedients he opened a tea-shop in California, with the Twinklers in charge. The German colony, however, paid it such embarrassing patronage that Mr. Twist found himself under suspicion. In the nick of time a British naval officer married Columbus, and Mr. Twist himself made Christopher an American bride. The story goes with a swing, and is strongly to be recommended for its tonic properties. The twins are a joyous invention, and the classical stateliness of their speech (modelled on Johnson) provides fine effects against an American background. The author sometimes is in danger of being hoist with her own petard, and indulges in some fearful and breathless parentheses.

THE MASTER OF MOOSE HORN. By Theodore Goodridge Roberts. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Master of Moose Horn" is the story of a young man named Bayford, who, having miraculously succeeded in ridding himself of two million dollars in six years "without a scandal, marriage, or divorce," takes advantage of an unlooked-for legacy to retrieve his manhood and incidentally secure for himself an unconventional bride. The legacy comprises six thousand acres of timberland on the Moose Horn Branch of the Tobique River in New Brunswick, and Bayford's life among the woodsmen provides the framework for a breezy tale of love and adventure which includes some vivid pictures of lumbering operations and a memorable description of a forest fire. There are other back-country stories in the book, and all are touched with that robust virility to which the author owes so much of his popularity.

A GENTLE DESPOT. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Burgin knows well the value of contrast and takes full advantage of it in this story of two women, one so big and strong that she is called Great Eliza, and the other so small and timid that in spite of her widowhood and her wealth she bends to the domination of Eliza from the first moment of meeting. Mrs. Emory-Laucatelle, the widow of an American dealer in pork, had fled from her home, and the many friends—or otherwise—who were anxious to share her millions, to the "mouldiest and most venerable castle" she could hear of in England. There Eliza Carlisle, the daughter of the mayor of the town, takes her under her wing and sees her through her difficulties. It is a lively comedy, in which love-at-first-sight plays the tune to which all dance, in which the most daring lover gets shot, and in which villains plot to grow rich on theft. But Mr. Burgin's villains never have a fair chance, for he always provides some one with sufficient ability to defeat them. Eliza is the gentle despot of whom her mother says "we never argue with Eliza, we just do as she tells us," and Mrs. Emory-Laucatelle finds salvation by following the same rule.

The Bookman's Table.

WITHIN THE RIM. By Henry James. 6s. net. (Collins.)

These are five essays written by Henry James during the war. They have all been published before: "Within the Rim," written in February, 1915, for a proposed album in aid of the Arts Fund, but as the album never came to birth, the essay appeared two and a half years later in the *Fortnightly Review*; "Refugees in Chelsea," describing the Belgians in Crosby Hall, appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement*; "France" in the "Book of France"; "The Long Wards" in the "Book of the Homeless"; and "The American Volunteer Motor-Ambulance Corps in France" was issued as a pamphlet in 1914. The volume is therefore a small one in point of bulk, but it is precious indeed in quality, "precious" with very little double meaning in the word. Henry James was heart and soul and mind and intelligence all on the side of the Allies, for love of England and France and for the love of Right and Honour. He had known war of old time, and he tells us in "Within the Rim," how in the first

days of suspense and shock at the grim outbreak he was conscious that in the beginning of the American Civil War he had experienced all the same sensations, fifty-four years before. How vividly and in what exquisite phrasing he recalls to us the wonderful breathless emotion, yet quiet, of the rich autumn of 1914, with its delicious English atmosphere, characteristically English, as though England was marvellously and of set purpose asserting and affirming herself in the face of ultimate calamity and doom. How wisely and with what a sure touch he portrays the grief and pathos and pride of France and Belgium, despoiled and yet magnificent. The "Long Wards" tells what he felt about the men returning to be healed after the great ordeal. The five essays taken together make a very definite record, stated in lowest tones, carefully reticent, yet in the end giving clear, unfaltering impressions of just how the war affected Henry James and how it appeared to him. And he viewed it with a most piercing eye as well as a most mellow, subtle mind.

DILLY AND DALLY. Written by W. McCartney. Pictures by "Poy." 2s. 6d. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

One thing that rather discourages the reformer is the thought that if our Government departments were more efficient, less tape-bound and circumlocutory, there would have been no material for such a joyous book as "Dilly and Dally." "Poy" would have found other subjects for his pictorial drolleries, Mr. McCartney for his genially satirical pen, but could they have found any that was funnier or lent itself so entirely to burlesque treatment than the manners and customs and time-honoured methods of that official world which Dilly and Dally represent? Read "Why People Die"; or "Looping the Whitehall Loop"; or "Was Jonas an Honest Man"; or "Georgina: A Model for Old Parliamentary Hands," and you will be ready to bless the system that so exasperated you while you were in its toils, but can be turned to such excellent food for laughter when its workings are caricatured in a book. That preliminary yarn of the load of gravel ordered during the Crimean War and arriving at Aldershot about 1910 is preposterously farcical, but not more so than the calm and lifelike farce of "The Deputation Then Withdraws," or the whimsical foolery of "Dilly and Dally on the Telephone," the fun of which is that, for all its grotesque extravagance, it is extraordinarily like the real thing. "Poy" is the creator of Dilly and Dally; his drawings of themselves give you more than your money's worth of laughter, and they find an ideal setting and commentary in the quaintly humorous sketches and dialogues of Mr. McCartney.

VAGABONDING DOWN THE ANDES. By Harry A Franck. With 176 Illustrations. (Fisher Unwin.)

The output of books dealing with South America, either as a whole or in its separate States, during the last ten years, has been considerable. They have consisted for the most part of the usual collection of statistics and guide-book information with little direct or personal knowledge. The present book is the first which can pretend to be an intimate study of the natives themselves without the second or third hand "historical" matter. In an extremely candid "Foreword of Warning" the author repudiates the conventions of the usual books of travel; this might straightway classify him with Borrow, but, at the same time, he has resisted the temptation, to which Borrow succumbed, to adorn his truth with self-glorifying fiction. It is a plain day-to-day story of a four years journey on foot down the Andes beginning at Cartagena at the north and running through Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Paraguay. The author accomplished practically the whole of this journey on foot and for the most part alone, carrying his own baggage. This entailed a loss of caste among the natives which was exactly what the author wanted; for it gave him the valuable compensation of being able to describe places, peoples and customs which are concealed from those who adopt a more dignified method of travel. In so outspoken a book it

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